THROUGH ITALY SICILY TUNISIA AND ALGERIA BY MOTOR



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Richard Howe
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A TRIP THROUGH ITALY, SICILY, TUNISIA, ALGERIA AND SOUTHERN FRANCE


MAP OF
TUNIS TOUR
By W.K. Vanderbilt Jr.
Scale of Miles
0 25 50 100 150 200
Scale of Kilometres
0 25 50 100 150 200
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
SARDINIA
MINORCA
IVIZA
MAJORCA
ALGIERS
CONSTANTINE
TUNIS
ORAN
ALGERIA
TRIPOLITANIA
Gulf of Hammamet
Gulf of Gabes
Ruins of a City

A TRIP THROUGH ITALY, SICILY, TUNISIA, ALGERIA AND SOUTHERN FRANCE

By

W. K. VANDERBILT, Jr.



NEW YORK
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1918

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By W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.



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FOREWORD

IN this modest attempt to sum up my tours in the various countries through which I traveled, I have endeavored to give such data as would be of value to others making similar tours. Among other information I have been careful to give descriptions of the condition of the roads and the hotels as they were at the time I made my tours. In my experience I have found such information to be of great value and help to those who were touring for pleasure; for without such information a tour vanishes. The myself *en route*.

VANDERBILT, JR.

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Mrs. Roger Wooley

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By W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

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W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.

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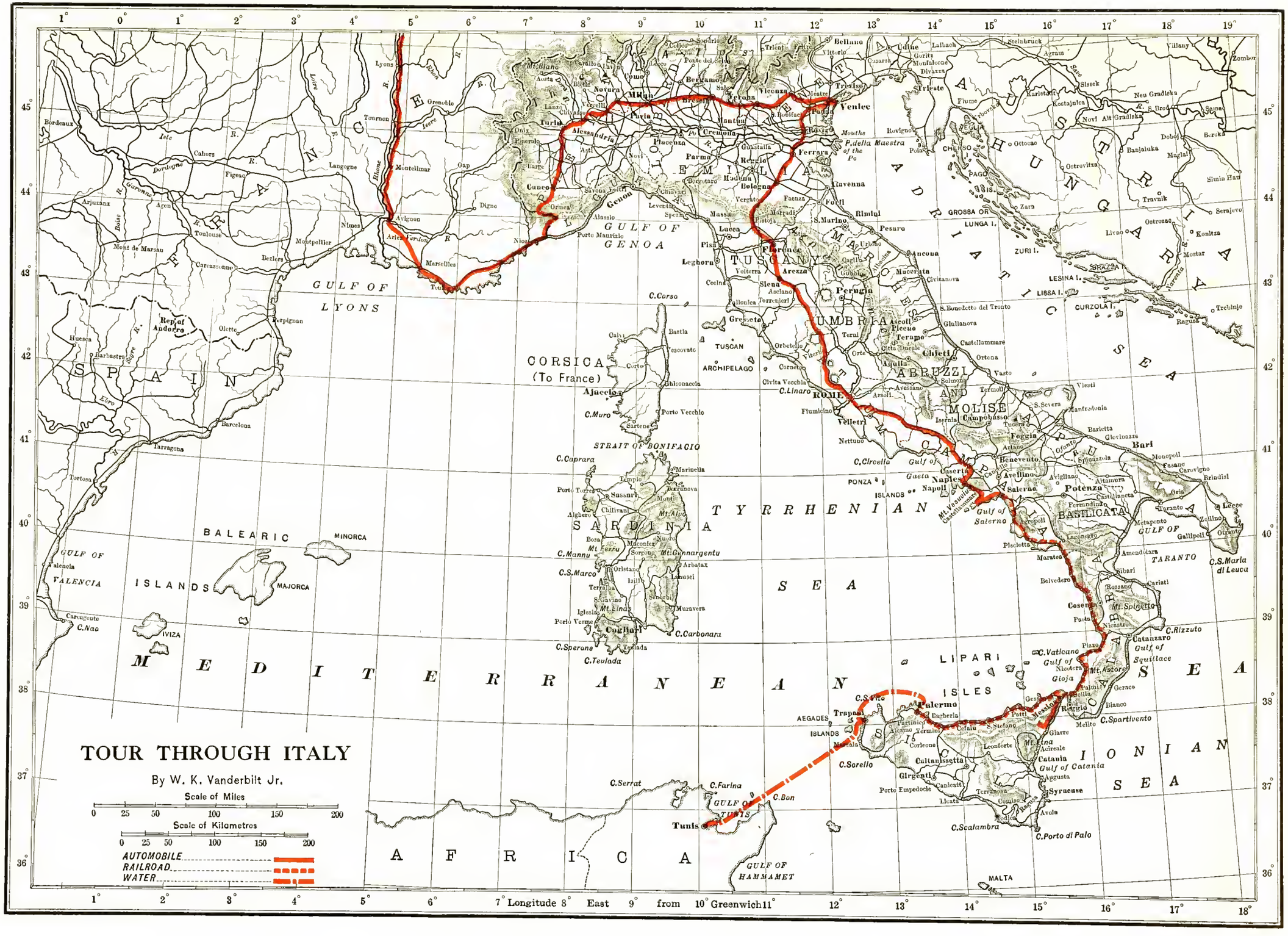
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A TRIP THROUGH ITALY, SICILY, TUNISIA, ALGERIA AND SOUTHERN FRANCE


TOUR THROUGH ITALY
By W. K. Vanderbilt Jr.
Scale of Miles
0 25 50 100 150 200
Scale of Kilometres
0 25 50 100 150 200
AUTOMOBILE
RAILROAD
WATER
Longitude East from Greenwich
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
TYRRHENIAN SEA
ADRIATIC SEA
IONIAN SEA
LIGURIAN SEA
GULF OF GENOA
GULF OF LYONS
GULF OF VALENCIA
GULF OF TUNIS
GULF OF HAMMAMET
BALEARIC ISLANDS
MINORCA
MAJORCA
IVIZA
CORSICA
(To France)
SARDINIA
SPAIN
FRANCE
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
ITALY
SWITZERLAND
Rep. of Andorra
TUSCAN ARCHIPELAGO
PONZA ISLANDS
AEGADES ISLANDS
LIPARI ISLES
MALTA
STRAIT OF BONIFACIO
Lyons
Grenoble
Bordeaux
Cahors
Montelimar
Avignon
Marseilles
Toulouse
Montpellier
Carcassonne
Perpignan
Barcelona
Tarragona
Nimes
Bezlers
Agen
Digne
Gap
Turin
Genoa
Milan
Venice
Verona
Padua
Trieste
Florence
Pisa
Leghorn
Lucca
Parma
Modena
Bologna
Ravenna
Rimini
Ancona
Pesaro
Perugia
Arezzo
Siena
Rome
Naples
Gaeta
Salerno
Benevento
Foggia
Bari
Potenza
Taranto
Brindisi
Lecce
Palermo
Messina
Catania
Syracuse
Trapani
Marsala
Girgenti
Caltanissetta
Mt. Etna
Gulf of Catania
Gulf of Squillace
Gulf of Gioja
Gulf of Naples
Gulf of Salerno
Gulf of Taranto
Tunis
Malta
C. Corso
C. Caprara
C. Muro
C. Mannu
C. S. Marco
C. Sperone
C. Teulada
C. Carbonara
C. Nao
C. Serrat
C. Farina
C. Bon
C. Linaro
C. Circello
C. Vaticano
C. Rizzuto
C. Spartivento
C. Scalambra
C. Porto di Palo
C. S. Maria di Leuca
Mt. Vesuvius
Mt. Astore
Mt. Spigetto
Mt. Alvo
Mt. Ferru
Mt. Gennargentu
Mt. Lindo
Mt. Blanc
P. della Maestra
Mouths of the Po
Ajaccio
Bastia
Porto Vecchio
Sassari
Cagliari
Olette
Huesca
Barbastro
Tortosa
Ebro
Segre R.
Isere R.
Rhone R.
Loire R.
Garonne R.
Dordogne R.
Lot R.
Adige R.
Po R.
Arno R.
Tiber R.
Volturno R.
Sele R.
Ofanto R.
Brenta R.
Piave R.
Tagliamento R.
Isonzo R.
Sava R.
Drave R.
Danube R.
Elbe R.
Rhine R.
Meuse R.
Seine R.
Loire R.
Bordeaux
Arjuzanx
Mont de Marsan
Dax
Bayonne
Pau
Lourdes
Tarbes
Foix
Perpignan
Olette
Prades
Ille
Thuir
Elne
Argeles
Port Vendres
Cerbere
Banyuls
Collioure
Canet
Perpignan
Narbonne
Beziers
Agde
Sete
Montpellier
Nimes
Arles
Avignon
Tarascon
Orgon
Salon
Aix
Marseilles
Toulon
Hyeres
Frejus
St. Raphael
Cannes
Antibes
Nice
Menton
Monaco
Ventimiglia
San Remo
Oneglia
Porto Maurizio
Alassio
Savona
Voltri
Genoa
Chiavari
Sestri Levante
Spezia
Massa
Carrara
Viareggio
Lucca
Pisa
Leghorn
Piombino
Follonica
Grosseto
Orbetello
Corneto
Civita Vecchia
Ostia
Rome
Velletri
Frosinone
Ceprano
Isernia
Campobasso
Termoli
Vasto
Pescara
Chieti
Teramo
Ascoli Piceno
Fermo
Macerata
Civitanova
Ancona
Fano
Pesaro
Rimini
Cesena
Forli
Faenza
Ravenna
Comacchio
Ferrara
Rovigo
Padua
Mestre
Venice
Treviso
Vicenza
Verona
Brescia
Bergamo
Como
Milan
Monza
Lodi
Cremona
Mantua
Piacenza
Parma
Reggio
Modena
Bologna
Novara
Vercelli
Alessandria
Asti
Turin
Susa
Aosta
Ivrea
Biella
Varallo
Lanzo
Chivasso
Cuneo
Ormea
Ceva
Mondovi
Fossano
Saluzzo
Pinerolo
Susa
Lanslebourg
Modane
Bardonecchia
Briancon
Gap
Digne
Castellane
Draguignan

A TRIP THROUGH ITALY, SICILY, TUNISIA, ALGERIA, AND SOUTHERN FRANCE

DECEMBER 3, 1912–JANUARY 23, 1913

PARIS TO BEAULIEU

IT was on Tuesday, December 3, 1912, at 11 A.M. that Mr. Payne and I once more found ourselves snugly installed in my 55 H.P. 1909 Mercedes, ready for an extended trip through Italy, Sicily, Tunisia, Algeria and back again through southern France.

Itineraries and a time schedule had been carefully prepared, and we calculated that a period of about fifty days would be consumed in covering our proposed tour.

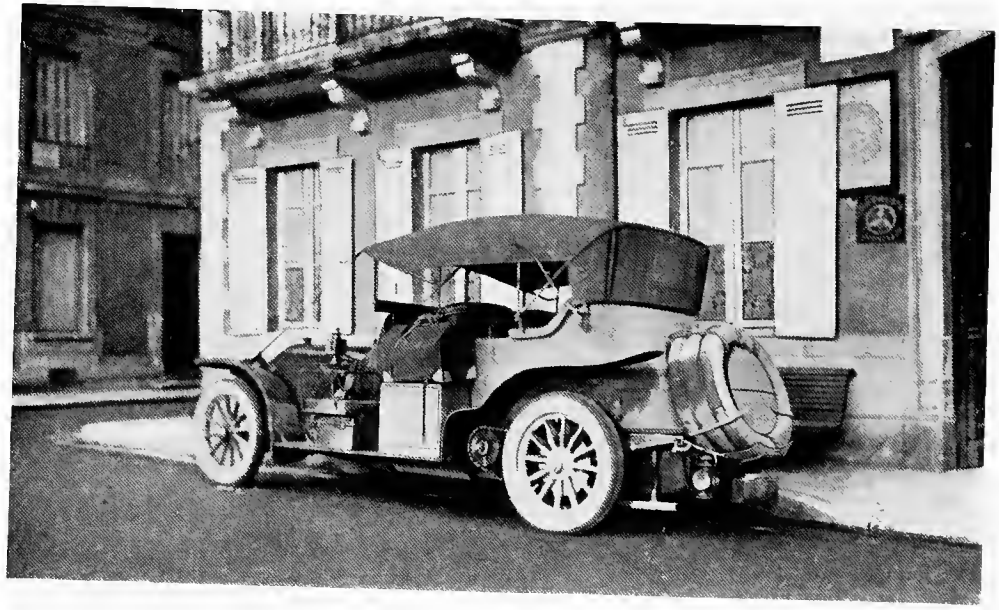
The first part of our journey lay between Paris and Monte Carlo, and as this is fairly familiar to most motor-tourists who have had much experience in motor-traveling, it calls for little by way of description on my part. It will suffice, therefore, if I give but a short summary of our run to the Riviera.

PARIS TO BEAULIEU

Our first stop after leaving Paris was Sens where we rested one hour for lunch before leaving for Auxerre. We halted, on our way, at La Roche Railway Station to pick up one of Mr. Payne's bags, which had been sent by train from Paris, and then proceeded to Auxerre at which town we arrived at twenty minutes past five in the afternoon, having made the 168 kilometers in three hours and thirty-five minutes, over wet and slippery roads, full of small holes. The weather, however, was fine and warm, as was also our welcome at the "Touring Hotel," a very comfortable and up-to-date house, where we dined and slept.

The next morning, a few minutes after nine, we left Auxerre behind us and were again en route. We passed through a dense fog for two hours, which delayed us a little, but we were fortunate to experience beautiful weather for the rest of the day, passing through Avallon under the hour, and reaching Châlons, a distance of 173 kilometers, in somewhat over three hours. Here we lunched and rested for a couple of hours before we set out for Macon and Lyons.

Châlons was reached in just an hour's run, and Lyons, 128 kilometers from Châlons, was entered at exactly 4:15 P.M. The sky had become clouded,



CAR LOADED WITH LUGGAGE

after leaving Châlons, with rain threatening, but the road surface throughout the whole day's run of 310 kilometers was good though wet, and we accomplished the entire journey in five hours and twenty-seven minutes.

We left Lyons at 9:10 the next morning, and at eleven were speeding through Valence, 101 kilometers distant. Just twenty minutes later we experienced our first puncture. The enforced wait in the sunshine, while repairs were being made, gave us the time to lower the top, which had been sheltering us unnecessarily since we left Paris.

The roads improved considerably as we ran south, and we found that only six "thank-you-ma'ams" now exist between Valence and Tain. They are all indicated by signs, and most of them will be eliminated in the course of another year.

At 11:40 we were again on our way and arrived at Montelimar at 12:10, where we stopped for lunch. The hotel here is fair, but it is not considered desirable for a night's stay.

Our morning's run had taken us two hours and forty minutes to accomplish, and we left Montelimar at 1:10. We did not halt at Orange, which we passed exactly an hour later, but proceeded to Marseilles, which we reached at twenty minutes past four in the afternoon, having cov-

ered 222 kilometers in three hours and ten minutes. The day's run of 323 kilometers was thus made in five hours and fifty minutes, and we had glorious weather and fine, dry roads all the way.

The next morning we gave the Mercedes a rest, and indulged ourselves in a motor-boat trip, visiting the harbor and enjoying thoroughly an interesting experience. In the afternoon we left for Toulon where we arrived at 4:10 P.M. Here we stayed the night.

The next morning was sunny and bright, and shortly after nine, we were en route for Beaulieu, passing through Hyères twenty minutes after leaving Toulon. An hour later we were pulled up by another puncture, a front tire this time. In spite of the ten minutes' delay, we made Valescure at 11:30 and stopped then for lunch at the Grand Hotel. This hotel, which has been completely modernized, is now an excellent stopping place and a charming winter resort.

At 1:30 Valescure disappeared in the distance behind us, the morning's run taking us two hours and forty minutes. Our destination for the night was Beaulieu, and this town hove in sight two hours and ten minutes later, thus completing a delightful day's saunter of 178 kilometers in just ten minutes under five hours.



HARBOR AT MARSEILLES

PARIS TO BEAULIEU

During the next three days, from Sunday, December 8, to Tuesday, December 10, we gave ourselves a respite from the open road, and enjoyed the rest which Beaulieu, Monte Carlo and Nice afford the tourist. We were making ourselves ready for the second stage of our journey over the French Alps, which was to take us through the plains of Lombardy and down through old Italy to Naples and Sicily.

BEAULIEU, NAPLES, AND PALERMO TO VENICE

WEDNESDAY, December 11, was ushered in by a glorious dawn. We congratulated ourselves on our good luck in this continued good weather. We had not had a drop of rain since leaving Paris! Nothing but sunshine, and, what contributed to raise our spirits still higher, most dismal reports of weather conditions from other parts of the country. Verily our "Hoodoo" had forsaken us, temporarily at least, or it may be he had not as yet found out that we were on the road.

At 9:10 A.M. we set off for Turin. Payne now volunteered to direct me by a new way to the Col de Tenda, which would take in Ventimiglia. He declared the road was considerably shorter than the one I usually took by way of Sospello, and the scenery far more beautiful.

Certainly the scenery was fine, but the road, from Ventimiglia on, was simply atrocious, being torn to shreds because of a new railroad in course of construction down the valley. The frontier, too, in this locality, must have been laid out by

a genius in an advanced stage of inebriety, for we were compelled to cross and re-cross between France and Italy no less than six times before we reached the Col de Tenda. On each and every occasion we had to produce our papers and go through the usual wearisome formalities with the Douaniers. This business was far from amusing and got considerably on our nerves. At one point we were in France for only about a quarter of a mile, and in a canyon, with precipitous walls of 1,000 to 1,500 feet on either side, yet we had to go through the formality. It seemed ridiculous to us that these customs-posts were placed so frequently along the route. Certainly it was an absurd waste of government money. That, fortunately, was no affair of ours. Eventually, we reached the summit of the Col de Tenda at 12:30, and called a welcome halt, for rest and lunch, at the entrance to the tunnel.

Since my last visit to the Col de Tenda, the railroad tunnel through the mountain has been completed, and trains now operate from Turin to Tenda; but, as far as I can judge, it will be some years ere this great undertaking will be completed by connecting Tenda with Ventimiglia.

From an engineering standpoint it is one of the

finest pieces of work that I have ever seen, consisting practically only of tunnels through the mountains and viaducts spanning the mighty canyons. The cost of the road per mile must be enormous, and how the government can ever expect to get its money back is a mystery to me. At intervals along the line ingenious power plants, utilizing the waters of the River Roja, are in course of erection.

We started again at one o'clock and entered the three-mile tunnel. On emerging on the northern side we encountered our first snow. Careful driving was now the order of the day, and we dropped slowly down the slippery grade into the valley, arriving at Turin at 4:30 P.M. The distance traversed during the day's run was 211 kilometers, and we wasted three-quarters of an hour in customs formalities.

The attractions of Turin and the perfect weather held us in the city for the whole of the following day, but forty-two hours after our arrival, that is to say, at 9:45 A.M. on Friday, December 13, we set out once more. The weather was cold but brilliant, and we ran through to Milan, by way of Vercelli and Novara, reaching our destination for lunch at one o'clock. The whole of the 142 kilometers we traversed was along a fine road, the



APPROACH TO THE COL DE TENDA, SHOWING SERPENTINE ROAD

surface of which was frozen but quite flat and excellent for motoring.

Our next day's run remains imprinted on our memories in somewhat somber colors. We left Milan for Venice at a quarter before ten in a dense fog. The roads were abominable all the way and, in the afternoon, from Padua on to Mestre, the mist became so thick that progress was almost impossible. These dense fogs are not uncommon, in this part of Italy, during the winter months. In summer also, at certain times, the dust raised by swiftly running cars remains floating in the air for hours, and cars, following later, find this condition almost as unpleasant as the winter fogs, though without the chilling cold.

We stopped for lunch at Brescia at 1:30, and gave a welcome hour to the repast, after our run of 193 kilometers from Milan. A punctured tire, of which we were unaware, held out, fortunately, until we arrived at Brescia, and we made the necessary change while we were eating.

The afternoon's run by way of Verona, Vicence and Padua, consumed the five hours between 2:30 and 7:30, and though the distance traversed was about 189 kilometers, practically two hours and a half were spent in covering the last 38 kilo-

meters from Padua to Mestre. The solid wall of fog through which we had to pass was so thick that the radiator of the machine was literally invisible to us. We found it necessary, finally, to light our lamps. While this was being done, a horse attached to a cart was frightened by a passing steam tram-car, and swerved around just at the time of passing us. The rear of the wagon caught Payne's bag, for which we had waited at La Roche, and tore it open from end to end, scattering the contents in every direction. A fearful scene ensued, but the driver, luckily for him, disappeared in the fog.

We left the car at Mestre, and proceeded by train to Venice, a run of some fifteen or twenty minutes. Here we spent the two following days and enjoyed the fine weather.

The charms of Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, held us until the following Tuesday morning (December 17). As the dense fog of the past few days had now given way to a steady downpour of rain, we decided to pursue our course southward once more. Certainly, our luck in the matter of weather, since leaving Paris, had been extraordinary. We, therefore, took a philosophical view of this distinct change for the worse that had now befallen us.

We were not enamored of a railway journey from Mestre, so we chartered a motor launch for the return trip. We stowed our baggage on board, left Venice at nine in the morning and made a most agreeable run to the mainland, in spite of the decidedly modest speed our vessel was able to attain. Nevertheless, by eleven o'clock, the Mercedes was again under way, and we sped towards Padua, 38 kilometers distant. At fifteen minutes after midday we stopped by the roadside to partake of an *al fresco* lunch made up of the contents of our well-provisioned basket. Despite the inclement weather we deemed it wiser to rely on our own commissariat than to trust to what we could obtain at any of the hotels. We knew from past experience what these were in this part of the world.

We were on our way again at one o'clock and made capital speed for about forty-five minutes, and then a punctured tire caused a sudden halt. It was a front one this time, a veteran among tires, which had served us well and truly ever since we had left Cadiz on our Spanish tour of the previous year. Half an hour later found the damage repaired and we ourselves spinning along towards Bologna. We ran smoothly through Ferrara without stopping, but when within 12 kilometers from

Bologna, bang, went another tire, and we were compelled to spend twenty minutes in repairs. We drew up at our destination, finally, at 4:20 P.M., just as darkness was closing in on us.

The towns through which we traversed from Mestre to Bologna are all extremely interesting. The dress of the people is picturesque. The curious market carts, drawn by sleek oxen, make a charming picture as they wind their snail-like way along the country roads. This pleasing country is flat and dyked the whole way along a new route, its attractiveness being considerably enhanced by lines of graceful willow trees which fringe the water sluices. Immense fields of growing rice in every direction are quite a feature of the landscape. The soil is fertile, well cultivated, and the farmers appear prosperous and happy.

In the course of our day's run we crossed the River Po by a bridge, where a toll of two francs is extorted. The charge is, of course, exorbitant, but the bridge is distinctly preferable to the ferry, which entails both worry and delay.

With the next day came a blinding fog, so we devoted it to taking in the sights of the town.

The morning of Thursday, December 19, was clear and fine, and by nine o'clock we had left Bologna behind us and were skimming along the



SCENIC VIEW BETWEEN BOLOGNA AND FLORENCE

road to Florence where we arrived at 12:20 P.M. We stopped for lunch at the Grand Hotel and left, at two in the afternoon, for Sienna, 69 kilometers distant, which we reached at four o'clock. We had then made a day's run of 175 kilometers in five and a half hours. At Sienna we found excellent quarters at the Hotel Royal, a good, clean house, where we stayed for the night.

Our morning's run to Florence, by way of Pas de la Futa, was really magnificent. The road is good the whole way, and a motor diligence of Fiat cars covers the entire route once in twenty-four hours. Some of the gradients are very stiff, frequently necessitating first speed. The highest elevation is 3,000 feet, at the summit of the route.

Several villages of little interest were passed through. The country folk, however, when treated with consideration, are kindly disposed.

At the highest point of the route we took a number of photographs and obtained some wonderful cloud effects, especially from the extreme summit, when we were some 500 feet above the clouds. The view presented to us here as we gazed down was like that of a vast beautiful sea of mist, which unfolded itself for miles before our eyes.

At the little village of Monghidora, close to the summit, we found the people's market day in full

swing. We lingered here gladly for a few minutes to enjoy the lively and picturesque sight.

The descent on the southern edge of the mountain was far easier than the climb up from Bologna, and the road was somewhat better. It is less obstructed by loose stones, and there were fewer awkward sharp curves.

The whole country through which we were traveling began to take on an appearance of great fertility. Numerous carefully tended vineyards are quite a feature of the landscape, and small snug-looking farms are dotted here and there. We were particularly impressed by the magnificent oxen, beasts of enormous size, with horns longer even than those of the famous animals to be seen in northern Portugal.

A few minutes after we had passed through Monteriggrion the grand old city of Sienna appeared before us, its two large and handsome gates on the outskirts of the town being conspicuous as we approached.

Sienna is an ancient and interesting city, full of fine buildings and attractive streets and possessing a superb cathedral built of white and black marble, which we made a point of visiting before proceeding to our hotel. That Sienna is alive to the acquirements of modern civilization is evi-



VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF MONGHIDORA NEAR THE SUMMIT, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN BOLOGNA AND FLORENCE

denced by the existence of a trackless trolley service, the current for propelling the machines being conveyed by a system of overhead wires.

Friday morning broke fine, but cold, and at 9:10 we left Sienna for the Imperial City. At once we found ourselves in a somewhat mountainous country, more so indeed than the country we traversed on our run from Florence to Sienna, though not accentuated to the extent we had experienced on the morning's run from Bologna to Florence. The road winds continuously and passes through a rather deserted country, remarkable for its volcanic nature. During the whole journey we were ever ascending and descending, with very few level stretches between.

We passed Acquapendente at 12:30, 95 kilometers from Sienna. Ten minutes later we were in the square of the town of San Lorenzo, and saw to the south the great Lake of Bolsena. A truly magnificent sight! The lake is vast and surrounded by towering mountains. Its placid surface is dotted with numerous islands, and its water is of the color of the deepest turquoise. The lovely picture imprinted itself on our minds as one of the finest views we had ever seen.

Viterbo, the next large town of importance, is clean and interesting, and the Grand Hotel, just

within the gates, looks quite imposing from the outside; but as we had our lunch basket with us we passed on without stopping. At one o'clock sharp we pulled up on the top of a mountain, 60 kilometers from Rome, and enjoyed our midday repast. Right beneath us lay the Lac du Vico, and a superb view extending as far as the eye could see to the southward. The afternoon's run, constantly down grade, was completed in two and a half hours, and the gates of Rome reached at 2:35 P.M. We had traveled at an average speed of about 44 kilometers per hour, without a mishap of any kind.

Our stay in Rome was short — for the night only.

Saturday, December 21, was cloudy and windy, and we left the city at 9:15 A.M., intending to make Naples by sunset.

For the first 30 kilometers we found the road to be somewhat rut-worn, but it improved considerably as we progressed. We were now traversing some of the oldest historic highways in the world.

The country through which we were passing is distinctly pleasing; consisting mainly of an immense plain, fairly fertile in appearance. East and west of us were visible huge mountain ranges



CLOUD EFFECTS IN THE MOUNTAINS BETWEEN BOLOGNA AND FLORENCE

— the Sabine Mountains to the east and the Lepini range on the west. These converged to the south into a valley through which our road passed and upon the sides of which were built several old fortified villages. Beyond this the flat plain appears like a vast natural garden which, however, seems to be but sparsely peopled.

A stiff climb brought us to Ceprano, an interesting old town through which we passed at 11:50. Luckily for us the highways do not cut through but circumvent the outskirts of the village, so that for once we were able to avoid the unpleasantness which motorists usually experience when coming into a town on a market day or a like celebration in this part of the country.

At Ceprano it is necessary to alter one's course to northeast for some 15-odd kilometers, to the village of Arce, where the road once more turns to the right, and a south-southeast direction is resumed. We were close to the mountains now, and the ground under us became more undulating.

Many of the villages possess a quaint charm and, for this part of the world are surprisingly clean. We came on market day to Cassino, a little village at which we arrived shortly after noon. We were obliged to crawl along the main street at a snail's pace, causing much uneasiness

and confusion among the peasantry, who were evidently not accustomed to the visits of motor cars.

After leaving Cassino we found a fairly sheltered spot under the lea of the hillside, and, though the wind whistling about us gave us considerable discomfort, we stopped forty-five minutes for lunch, and emptied our basket. We were about to start again when the rain, which had been threatening all morning, began to fall. We raised the hood of the car and ran on to Teano through a steady downpour.

It was at Teano, in 1905, that Mr. Arthur T. Kemp and I spent many hours waiting for a train to take us to Rome, because our Hotchkiss car had broken down.

From Teano on, the road resumes its flat and level character; the mountains gradually disappeared, and soon we were rushing over a large fertile plain once more. The kilometer stones here are of a unique character, each and all are absolutely illegible. Payne and I were completely puzzled as to the reason for their erection.

Forty kilometers from Naples the rain ceased, but unfortunately for us, the good road we had been traversing ceased abruptly also at the same spot, and an indescribably bad one took its place.

The surface was almost like a ploughed field. Wagons crawling along in all directions, blind and decrepit inhabitants wandering along the middle of the highways, beggars running after the car, and barking dogs, rendered progress almost impossible.

Finally, just at four o'clock in the afternoon, we entered the outlying parts of the town and — well, the least said about the suburbs of this beautiful city the better. The street-cleaning department must have retired at the time of Caesar, for the accumulated filth of generations was piled up on all sides.

It is no joke to run a large car through these streets. Traffic regulations do not exist. Each is for himself and must get there the best way he can. To many of the drivers the sidewalk and the middle of the street are one and the same thing, so that the unfortunate pedestrian is kept constantly on the jump to preserve his existence. Nevertheless, the same type of pedestrian is met here that we meet in all towns — individuals who insist on walking down the middle of the road, looking neither to the right nor left, and who seem to preserve their lives by a miracle. In this town numbers of such people are to be seen reading their local papers, placidly smoking their pipes, or

strolling along half asleep, and all of them seemingly protected by a Divine Providence, no doubt for some excellent though unknown reason.

Our tires suffered real damage running through Italy owing partly to our being heavily laden with baggage, and partly to our having the misfortune to travel just at that time of the year when repair gangs were strewing the road surface with broken stones which are left to be rolled in by passing vehicles. On the roads of southern Italy, road-rollers are conspicuous by their absence.

During the day, in the different sections of the country through which we passed, we noted several marked changes in the people's mode of living. Between Rome and Cassino, oxen, and remarkedly fine specimens of them, are used as draft animals and beasts of burden. From Cassino southward to Naples these handsome creatures are entirely supplanted by small, sickly looking horses, harnessed three or four abreast, and pulling enormous loads on wagons with very large wheels, resembling somewhat those used in the Island of Cuba. The harness is picturesque, the pommels being decorated with large silver ornaments. Bits are eliminated, a simple form of nose-gear being used instead.

The people, themselves, though painfully spar-

ing in the use of soap, are picturesque; it would do the Suffragists much good to visit this part of the world. In Ceprano and Cassino, for instance, where market days were in full swing, the women were doing all the work, carrying loads of market produce on their heads. And what loads! Certainly from fifty to a hundred pounds in weight, and seemingly ponderous enough to have crushed one of Caesar's legionaries. The men walked lazily by, carrying, almost invariably, an umbrella, a peculiarity that forced itself on our notice to such an extent that we dubbed the men, "the great army of overworked umbrella carriers." If by chance a couple owned a mule or a donkey, the man was always on the animal's back, while his wife would run alongside carrying a load of some kind on her head.

Our day's run totaled 238 kilometers, and this, considering the rain and the bad stretches of road and sundry delays due to markets and pedestrians, we did well to cover in six hours. As for my traveling companion, I must give him credit for enduring so well the tossing about we experienced. He finished the day very tired and sore, but the prospect of a few days' rest by the magnificent Bay of Naples, brought him cheerfully on deck again, all smiles, the next morning.

Our rooms at the Grand Hotel, delightfully situated, facing the sea, were bathed in sunshine when we took up our quarters. We stayed in Naples from Sunday, December 22, to Tuesday, December 24, and it rained in torrents during the three days.

Wednesday was Christmas Day. It had been our intention to motor all the way from Naples to Reggio, on the Straits of Messina; but we found that the roads were practically impassable. Furthermore, there are no towns at which to stop, and the inhabitants bear an evil reputation, the district being infested by many brigands. We were, therefore, compelled to give up our project, and we sent the car to the port to be shipped by steamer to Reggio.

Our troubles, happily so far avoided, came upon us now with a vengeance. The first was due to the laborers who, because it was Christmas Day and, therefore, a holiday, refused to ship the motor. Then, the next day (Tuesday, December 26), when another steamer was due to leave, the last available for several days, the hoisting crane broke and the car was nearly dropped into the bay. Owing to our absence the mechanic had to act for himself; he decided, very wisely, not to trust the vagaries of the steamship com-

pany, and hired a truck and sent the motor by rail.

We, on our part, unwilling to lose the exquisite day and the opportunity of taking in the Italian Corniche, engaged a motor and drove from Naples to Salerno by way of Sorrento.

We set out at half-past nine in the morning and proceeded to Castellammare, over a wretchedly paved highway.

The roads in the vicinity of Naples, especially those to the south, are constructed of great blocks of lava, transported from the neighborhood of Vesuvius. Owing to lack of care the road-surface had become very uneven, and in many places whole blocks had been taken out entirely. These large holes make excellent traps for an unwary chauffeur who is liable to drive his car into them with the certainty of serious accident.

Naples to the south, like Naples to the north, is one of the worst towns in Europe through which to pass. It simply swarms with children, peddlers' carts and dirt, and one is kept continually wondering as to what may happen the next moment. After sixteen miles of this we were still traversing the city's suburbs, which appear to be laid out in the form of one immense street.

At 11:15 we finally entered Castellammare, 19

kilometers from Naples, and from here on the hustle and bustle were left behind and a fairly good road encountered all the way to Sorrento, a distance of 31 kilometers. An electric train, which runs along the side of the road, kept us company from Castellammare to Sorrento. This train is the only means of communication, except by sea, with the city of Naples.

The country, in this neighborhood, is superb in its beauty. High mountains towered to the south of us, while the glorious Gulf of Naples shimmered in the sun on our right, with Naples and Mount Vesuvius looming up in the far distance. The road itself is cut out of the rock, and is tunneled and bridged in many places. The vegetation is very luxuriant. Mandarin trees hung heavy with fruit; flowers were in bloom on all sides, and with the bright rays of the sun pouring down on us, it was hard to realize that it was Christmas Day.

Just after midday we drew up in front of the old cloister in Sorrento, which had been converted into a hotel, and ordered a good meal to be served on the veranda, facing a magnificent garden. Thanks to the careful driving and good judgment shown by our chauffeur, who never exceeded twenty miles an hour, we enjoyed our

ride immensely, and now looked forward with pleasure to what was to be in store for us during the afternoon. When we left this quaintly, clean and picturesque old town, which is one of Italy's favorite winter resorts, we regretted keenly that our stay in it had been so short. But time was pressing and we had a long distance to cover.

Climbing the mountain which separated us from the Gulf of Salerno, a magnificent view spread itself before us. Orange and lemon groves stretched away in every direction, dotted with beautiful villas which showed a gleaming white against the dark foliage of the trees. These set off by the brilliant blue of the sea and the beauty of the little Island of Capri away on our right to the south of Naples, made a picture which many famous artists have attempted to fix on canvas.

Finally Monte Tore hove in sight, and the summit of the climb was attained. To the south of us spread the great Mediterranean and the Gulf of Salerno. Involuntarily we stopped to gaze on the magnificent view. It is worth mentioning that the drive from Sorrento to Salerno is considered by many to be the finest in the world, and after we had reached our destination that night, we decided that it certainly deserved its reputation.

Leaving the height of Monte Tore we descended to within 1,500 feet of the sea, and following cautiously a road cut in the sheer side of the mountain and tunneled through parts of it, we crossed several ravines and bridges, with waterfalls and cascades all around us. Walled towns, hanging, one might say, by their eyelashes to the side of the hills, are seen here and there. All of them are interesting, and many of them built hundreds of years ago. The people are a fine race and surprisingly agreeable. Once in a while the proverbial bad boy would throw a stone at us, but throughout the day only three were discharged at us. They were all well shot, two of them hit me, and one fell into the car between Payne and myself. This last stone was rather a large one, and had it been more accurately aimed would undoubtedly have done harm.

As it was Christmas, the young folks were, of course, celebrating. Their toys were certainly peculiar, many of them taking the form of bombs. One of these was so accurately discharged that it exploded under the car, almost paralyzing the mechanic, who nearly drove us over the cliff into the sea hundreds of feet below.

We passed Positano and Prajano without further incident. Neither of these places is fit for



VIEW OF THE RUINS AT MESSINA

the tourist to stop at. They are interesting historically and are very picturesque to the eye.

Amalfi came next, situated close to the sea, and forming a beautiful picture as we entered it after a steep drop. We did not stay to investigate the place, although tourists say that the hotel accommodation is fairly good. From its appearance we thought it better to pass on.

After we left Amalfi behind, we once more climbed to a considerable height, and found that the road surface was by no means in as good condition as we had found it previously. This was owing to the diligence service which runs between this town and Salerno. The scenery, though very fine, is devoid of the wildness, which had so appealed to us after leaving Sorrento.

Rounding Cape d'Orso we took a sharp turn to the left at Vitri, and made for the town of Cava just as it was growing dark. On the outskirts of the town we found, what is for this part of the world, a good hotel, and having dismissed our chauffeur and paid him the two hundred francs agreed upon for the day's drive, we settled down in front of a welcome fire for rest and dinner. We were to take the train later for an all-night journey which was to land us in Messina the following morning.

Cava is a very ancient town and has the appearance of being quite an interesting place. It possesses long, narrow streets, lined on both sides with heavily constructed arcades. I imagine, however, that all its interest could be exhausted in the course of a few hours.

Before leaving Naples we had taken the precaution to purchase our tickets and to reserve two staterooms on the Wagons-lits. This we did to avoid trouble when our train came into Cava, and also that we might pass a comfortable night on the way to Messina. What was our surprise, therefore, on entering our car to find both compartments occupied.

An argument with an impertinent Wagons-lits official almost caused our arrest, and after considerable discussion we finally had to content ourselves with one compartment instead of the two for which we had paid.

I have traveled for many years in Europe, but had never read the printed matter on the back of a Wagons-lits ticket. On studying it now I found it clearly stated that anybody purchasing a compartment between two points, even if he has paid for it, who does not notify the company, forfeits his ticket and the money, if he does not get on the train at the place from which his reser-



THE RUINS AT MESSINA

vation was taken. We had boarded the train three stations after it had left Naples, so that the conductor was strictly within his rights. What a law! And how long would the American public stand for such a regulation?

We had a fairly comfortable night. It poured hard and both of us were congratulating ourselves that we were not piloting a car over the bad roads of southern Italy.

The train halted at Villa San Giovanni and the Straits of Messina lay at our feet. For the last few miles of our journey we had passed through numerous camps erected since the frightful earthquake shock, which occurred on the morning of December 28, 1908. Ruined villages were to be seen in all directions, while in places the sea had carried away a considerable portion of the waterfront.

At Villa San Giovanni the entire train, with the exception of our Wagons-lits, was put on a boat and transferred to Messina, from whence it continued on its route to Palermo. Once on board the steamer we dived below for a cup of what proved to be indescribably bad coffee, and then went back on deck to admire the magnificent view.

After a short run across the straits we reached

Messina pier at 8:30 in the morning. What a frightful sight met our eyes! The town appeared as if it had been bombarded the previous evening. The once magnificent water-front was entirely destroyed, as were also nine-tenths of the remaining buildings. We engaged a cab, almost as dilapidated as the buildings, and drove to the Regina Hotel, a small frame building erected by the Americans near the center of the American camp on the southerly outskirts of old Messina. This structure, which was brought over intact from the United States, is a replica of the summer hotels to be found on the south shores of Long Island. We were, however, made very comfortable, and with a fine view of the straits from our window, we enjoyed the southern sunshine and the life and bustle of the passing ships.

After the luxury of a bath and a good breakfast, we left the hotel, and with the aid of a guide, went for a tour of exploration through the ruined city.

In this place ninety thousand lives were wiped out in the course of thirty-three seconds, and it is estimated that there still remain twenty thousand bodies buried beneath the ruins. Buildings which had stood during centuries and had been erected by generations of continual labor



AMERICAN QUARTERS AT MESSINA

were blotted out of existence in a little over half a minute.

We took a number of photographs, but as the weather was not favorable we had some difficulty in obtaining anything like good results. Nevertheless, some of the pictures turned out fairly satisfactorily and will give some idea of the terrible ravages of the shock.

The earthquake performed a number of freakish tricks during its progress beneath this part of the globe's surface. For instance, the large Opera House, which we visited, stood quite intact, except for the floor which was now raised from three to six feet. Most of the poor people who had left the entertainment there at two o'clock that morning had been killed. Had they remained in the theatre, or had the shock come a few hours earlier, they would all have been saved.

Another remarkable instance I noticed was that of a magnificent villa which was standing up by itself in a small park, absolutely intact, without a window broken, while around it for a quarter of a mile in every direction not a house was left standing.

The place is a veritable tomb, and it is now being slowly excavated under police surveillance. With every spadeful of earth some relic of by-gone

glory is brought to light. Messina was famous as one of the finest cities of ancient Italy, and was renowned for its magnificent churches, its gorgeous palaces, its superb gardens and its charmingly quaint by-ways. It possessed a dignity and a grace not to be seen in any other European city of its size. All this is a thing of the past now.

As for the new town, it is laid out in long, straight avenues, and resembles strongly one of our growing western cities. Some of the streets are being paved, others are only just being opened up. All are lined by one-story modern structures and occasionally large stone blocks are being used as shelters. As each building requires the same depth for a foundation as its height, all are built of one-story only.

Over half the city has now been rebuilt with the help of funds donated by various nations. The houses are leased by the municipality to the inhabitants who pay two or three lires per month for rent. These are becoming so overcrowded that the people are continually suffering and fevers are very prevalent. The drainage system also is very bad. Despite these disadvantages, however, the population of the city is largely on the increase.



A CORNER IN TAORMINA

Our "Hoodoo," who, prior to our departure from Naples, had probably failed to discover our whereabouts, now joined our party. The car, which we were expecting by the morning's steamer, failed to turn up. Of course, we were not aware of the fact that the mechanic, because of the holiday, had been unable to get it on the ship. We waited, therefore, with what patience we could for the next boat, which was due the following morning. As we had received no dispatch relative to the car's shipment, we decided that it would surely arrive within twenty-four hours.

Upon our return to the hotel we learned that a tremendous earthquake had occurred the day before our arrival, which had toppled down many of the old structures, and so frightening the inhabitants that a panic had occurred in several parts of the town. This quake has been recorded as the worst since the disastrous shock of 1908. The report frightened my traveling companion to such a degree that he was almost tempted to charter a rowboat and sleep in it; and those who know his dislike for the water will understand what his sufferings must have been.

The atmosphere of this place had such a depressing effect on me that I decided to gather what information I could regarding the roads in

Sicily. I was very anxious to depart as soon as possible for Palermo. Unfortunately nobody knew very much about the island. Most of the former inhabitants had been killed in the earthquake, and the new settlers were unable to give me the desired information. I decided, therefore, that the best course to pursue would be to inquire at a garage as to the condition of the roads between Messina and Palermo. As luck would have it, a motorist, an amusing Italian fellow, drove up and surprised the hotel proprietor by stating that he had left for Palermo the day before, but the earthquake had unfortunately carried off part of Cape Calava, and had taken the road with it into the sea. As he was unable to proceed, he was compelled to return to the hotel.

The question was now, what should we do? Take a side trip to Taormina, 59 kilometers distant, or wait at this stupid place for the arrival of the car from Naples to-morrow morning? After a long discussion with Payne we decided to adopt the latter course.

A beautiful morning saw us both down bright and early to welcome the car on board the incoming boat; but when the ship arrived, it was minus the motor! Before we could recover from our disappointment, our mechanic arrived by the boat train,



TAORMINA — FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW

and brought with him our baggage, which enabled us to enjoy the luxury of a much-needed change.

He explained the circumstance of the breaking down of the crane on the second day, and assured us that the car would arrive by rail the next morning. We thereupon decided that we would take the train to Taormina, giving instructions to the mechanic to drive there the next morning as soon as he obtained possession of the car. This, we calculated, would enable us to take an inland route through Nicosia and Cefalù to Palermo in time to catch the weekly boat sailing for Tunis on Tuesday, December 31.

The train journey from Messina to Taormina is very fine. The Straits of Messina can be seen on one side gradually broadening out to the Mediterranean, and fertile ground through which we passed kept us in a state of continued admiration for the lovely scenery. The villages, like the inhabitants, are very dirty, but the vineyards, and orange and lemon groves magnificent.

It was not long before we arrived at Taormina, where we arranged for a drive by landau up the mountainside to the little village which nestled on the top of one of the peaks, a few miles to the north of Mount Etna. The scene as we entered the town was wonderfully impressive, with the

sun just setting behind the clean, picturesque old place surrounded by beautiful villas. We stopped at the Grand Hotel International. We found it an excellent place, and from our windows obtained fine views of the sea, some 600 feet below — a magnificent panorama, the smoking crater of Mount Etna in the distance. Delightfully clean rooms with electric light, a parlor and bath, gave us the welcome opportunity to relax and to feel once more the joy of being alive.

Saturday, December 28, was a beautiful day, and we spent it taking photographs of Mount Etna and of several views of the sea as well as numerous scenes of the town. To relieve the monotony of the remainder of the day we visited the famous Greek theatre on top of the hill, most interesting and beautifully situated. Then came word from Messina by telegraph, that the car was twenty-four hours late. We wired to Messina instructing the mechanic to be at Taormina with the car the next morning, without fail, after which we retired to rest leaving a call for five o'clock the next morning. I was now getting decidedly nervous, for unless the car arrived the following morning at seven o'clock we would not be able to take the inland route to Palermo, a two days' trip, and reach there in time to catch the



CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE OF TAORMINA

steamer which we had decided on taking from Trapani, at the western end of the Island. Such a mishap would cause numerous complications, entailing a delay of a whole week on the Island of Sicily, and shortening our trip to northern Africa by just that amount of time.

The next morning we were up long before sunrise and were waiting, fully dressed for the road, the long-looked-for arrival of the car. As we stood at the hotel door in anxious expectancy we thought every sound we heard was the machine's exhaust as it panted up the side of the mountain, but, alas, it was a false alarm every time. We became so restless that we finally hired a small car belonging to a private individual in the town to take us to the foot of the mountain, where the roads branch, one leading to Catane, the other to Messina. We hoped, by this means, to save from half an hour to forty-five minutes, when our car should arrive, and so shorten our day's run across the island.

Half-past nine arrived and no car. We were still sitting, waiting on the main highway. At 10:15 our patience gave out and we engaged the driver to take us on to Messina, hoping to waylay my car on the road. What a drive that was! "Thank-you-ma'ams," wash-outs, filthy streets,

and disagreeable inhabitants met us at every turn; but the marvelous beauty of the country which surrounded us on all sides almost compensated for the distress of mind caused by the bedlam through which we were passing.

At a quarter past twelve and ten kilometers from Messina, we finally met our long-lost car. We now decided quickly that the only way possible for us to catch the steamer at Palermo would be to return at once to Messina, reload the car, and send it through by rail. The train left at 12:50 and we were still 10 kilometers distant from the station.

A "race for life," as we called it, now followed to get out of the predicament into which we had unwillingly fallen; but we arrived at the depot in time to catch the train with five minutes to spare. Tickets purchased, instructions to station agent, innumerable tips all round, and we left the mechanic behind to reload the car, and then we, with our own baggage in our compartment, and still shouting out last instructions, were pulled out of the station en route to Palermo.

Payne was in an exhausted condition. He was for returning to Paris at once. He had never traveled with anybody like me he said, he had lost his traveling bag, almost all his clothes, had



CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE OF TAORMINA

been unable to collect any mail. In fact, he said, he was so worn out that he wanted no more of it.

Nevertheless, before another half hour had passed, and after a capital lunch in the dining car, which we fortunately found attached to the train, and after enjoying the fine scenery, he recovered his pleasant frame of mind, and by the time we arrived at Palermo that evening, he declared himself game for anything, and was only too glad to go on.

We had both of us definitely made up our minds that our two and three-quarter hours' morning run from Taormina to Messina had given us a perfect idea of Sicilian roads, and that we had not missed much by omitting the run through to Palermo.

We calculated, if the car left Messina at night, it should surely reach Palermo next day in time to catch the steamer leaving that night or early on Tuesday morning. Comforting ourselves in every way with this idea, we retired at the Hotel Igia Palace, in rooms fit for the occupancy of the members of a royal family. The hotel is located in a charming position by the sea, on the outskirts of the town, in the midst of a magnificent garden. It is huge in size, quite up-to-date in its

appointments, and the finest winter resort in this part of the world.

The town of Palermo is well known to the tourist, and its attractions have been recorded so many times that I will not attempt any description of it.

Our visits next day, in ideal weather, included many places of interest in the town, among which are a monastery and the catacombs. We also inspected two handsome villas, the botanical gardens and in the evening took in the theatre.

Our steamer was due to sail the following morning, and on emerging from the theatre we learned to our disgust that the car had not arrived. We were also told that at Trapani, where we had hoped to load the car, the crane was not sufficiently strong to lift the motor, and it would have to be put on board at Palermo. Once more, therefore, our hopes were shattered, and once more we were haunted by visions of a week's extra delay, owing to our "Hoodoo's" mischievous work. To add to our misfortunes Payne had caught a bad cold in one of his eyes through driving to the monastery without goggles.

At breakfast, next morning, we were still without news of the car, and our boat was to sail at one in the afternoon. Payne's eye was badly



A FOUNTAIN IN THE VILLAGE OF TAORMINA

inflamed, but he kept looking to the sea trip for rest and a cure. At half-past ten a telephone message announced the arrival at the station of the van containing our wandering car. I need not descant on the cost of getting it there in the matter of tips. It had been side-tracked after leaving Messina, and I verily believe that everybody throughout the length and breadth of Sicily knew all about that car and its adventures along the north shore of the island.

And now things began to be as exciting as a horse-race. The question was, who would win? The steamship agents flatly refused to load the car, declaring that it was now far too late and must stay on the island another week. The customs officials also were shy, and everything was at a standstill. But gold soon set them in motion again, and we finally left the hotel laden with our bags for the good ship. We got on board at half-past twelve and hurrying forward with questions we learned that the car had not yet arrived and was not even in sight. Payne, with his inflamed eye, did not care what would happen. Ten minutes later, however, we were amazed to see, on looking across the harbor, our Mercedes advancing towards us across the air. There she was, hanging from a large steam-

derrick, some 50 feet above the water, looking more like a scarf-pin than a real motor. In a few minutes she was on board and was safely stacked away while the anchor was being raised. Five minutes later we were steaming out of the harbor.

We had won! But it had been a long and trying race, and after troubles and misfortunes which had lasted for seven whole days.

Our voyage was uneventful. The sea was calm and we glided over it smoothly. In the course of the afternoon we obtained some remarkably fine views of the northern coast of Sicily, and at five o'clock entered the harbor of Trapani. We went ashore and took a good look at the town. It is a clean little place, with a hotel, the Grand, very inviting and comfortable for tourists who would linger here for a time. The harbor is good, and the lofty mountains which form a fine background to the picture are very imposing. We left Trapani at eight o'clock, and sailing over a sea as smooth as glass, we arrived at Tunis at seven the next morning.



THE MOTOR ABOUT TO BE TRANSFERRED ON BOARD THE STEAMER AT PALERMO

TOUR THROUGH TUNIS AND ALGIERS

WE were welcomed to Tunis by a squall of rain and wind, which met us just as we landed. Leaving the mechanic to arrange for the landing of the car, we proceeded to the Tunisia Palace Hotel.

During the day we visited the mosques and the Souks' quarters. Tunis is a city of great interest to the stranger visitor. The houses, one story white-washed affairs, are separated by narrow streets, down the middle of which runs the sewage. The tourist is constantly compelled during his walks in this part of the town, to hold his breath, as the odors emitted are anything but agreeable. The European part of the city is laid out with excellent taste in large and fine boulevards with handsome buildings, the work of French engineers. It was difficult to realize that we were in northern Africa and not in France, so much does Tunis resemble Marseilles or Toulon.

There are about 214,000 inhabitants, consisting of 100,000 Arabs, 50,000 Jews, 14,000 French,

and 50,000 Italians and Sicilians. The city is of great antiquity, its foundation dating back to the time of ancient Carthage, which, although now in ruins, is its nearest neighbor. Its defenses have encountered many attacks. It was conquered by Arabs, Spaniards, and Turks. By the Treaty of Bardo, it came under the protection of France, in 1881, to which happy event it owes its present flourishing condition. A dredged channel from the Mediterranean has opened up the port to the traffic of the sea, and with numerous railway lines and a splendid system of highways centering in this locality, the commerce and business transacted in Tunis are continually on the increase.

Carthage, located on Cape Carthage, is well worth a visit. It is of unusual historical and architectual interest; but as both my guest and I had been there on former occasions, we decided that a trip to the south at this time would hold more interest for us.

The next morning we left Tunis on our southward journey intending to make Sousse by lunch time. Soon after leaving the city we entered a broad, fertile and well cultivated plain. Payne began the day by forgetting his goggles, which necessitated our returning to the hotel. But no sooner had we gotten under way a second time,



SOUSSE

than his hat blew off — a beautiful large one, which he insisted on sporting in southern climes.

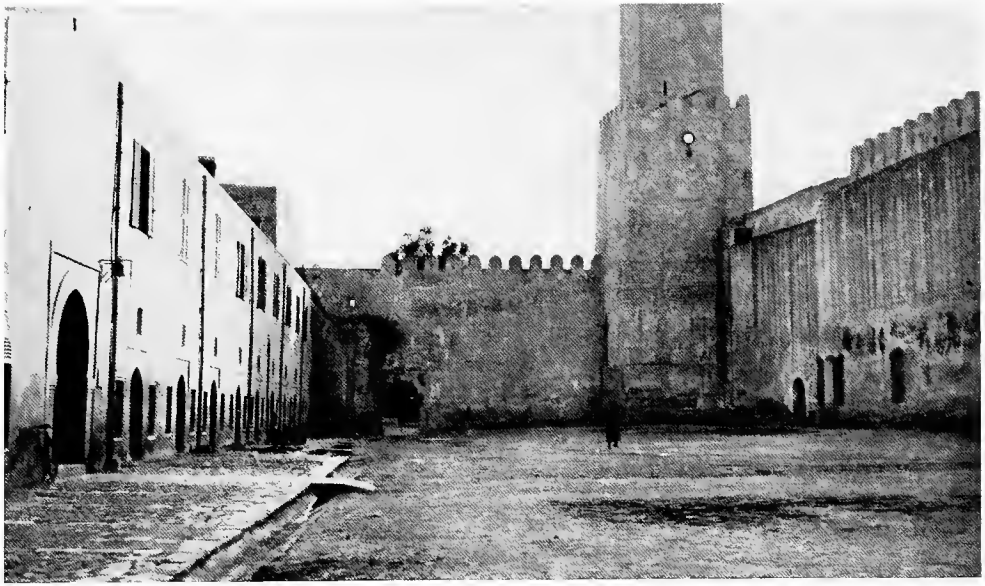
This was my first motor trip in northern Africa, and I was, therefore, keenly eager to enjoy it. Before us lay an absolutely unknown country, full of interesting places at every turn. Yet, after a very short experience, I could not help remarking how quickly one becomes accustomed to novel sights and unusual modes of living. After twenty-four hours of travel, the sight of a caravan of camels, or a picturesque troupe of Bedouins became commonplace to us, and aroused scarcely more interest than an ordinary cart or a tramp would in the United States. Nevertheless, these camels are extremely attractive to the eye, and the huge docile beasts of burden are most interesting to observe.

The road is flat and good to within 20 kilometers of Sousse, and there are many stretches of fertile land which produce olives in great quantities. Good grazing ground was passed and hundreds of camels were to be seen feeding and lazily replenishing their humps for another journey across the desert. It may be of interest to my readers, to learn, what perhaps few know, that the camel while traveling in the desert, takes nourishment from his hump, and that his stomach,

which is divided into three compartments, provides him with the water necessary to quench his thirst. At the end of his trip his hump has generally disappeared, and it is necessary to turn him out to feed until he has recovered his normal condition.

At intervals along the road we noticed large swamps, their desert sands covered with sage brush and cactus; the villages also which we passed are fairly clean, but not numerous, consisting mainly of small collections of one-story, white-washed houses. In the fields lonely huts were to be seen, built of brush and mud, and in every case surrounded by a wall of wooden stakes to keep out the wild beasts at night. Their inhabitants also showed good grace in allowing us room to pass, which was a welcome change and marked improvement on the behavior of the Italians we had just left behind us. The small boys also are admirably well behaved, for the whole day passed without a stone being thrown at us.

The main line of the railroad, which runs from Tunis in a southerly direction, touches Sousse and Sfax, and then runs inland to the mines at Gafsa. It is a narrow-gauge line, fairly well constructed, and is owned by a company which, I believe, operates it in connection with its mining interests. It is mainly used for carrying ore, for



BARRACKS AT SOUSSE

there is very little passenger traffic. Tourists should exercise great caution in running down this road, because the grade crossings are frequent and are absolutely unguarded.

As we sped southward, we noticed high mountains some thirty miles inland on our right. The few small ponds which we passed now and then were almost always surrounded by camels and large flocks of wild birds. Ninety-one kilometers from Tunis we passed a splendid old Roman tower, and came across some ancient foundations obviously dating back to the same period as the tower.

We found the roads during the day's run to be exceedingly good, resembling in every respect the grand national highways in France. The well-maintained signposts make it practically impossible to miss the way, and with the assistance of the invaluable "Guide Joanne," with its numerous roads map, motor travel in Tunisia is exceedingly agreeable.

The town of Sousse appeared in sight about noon, the distance of 140 kilometers from Tunis having been accomplished in two hours and forty minutes. It is a place of 8,000 inhabitants, of which only 1,600 are French, at the present day. Its history dates back to the time of the Phœnicians, and during the days of the prosperity of

Carthage enjoyed considerable prominence. It was the center of military operations during Hannibal's campaigns against Caesar. It also fell into the hands of the Arabs, and in the ninth century was taken by the Normans of Sicily. In the twelfth century it sustained a furious attack by the Spaniards; and finally suffered a bombardment by the French Navy in the eighteenth century. It was occupied by the French in 1881, without resistance.

The "Controle Civil," where the Governor lives, is picturesquely situated on the hill near the fortifications of the town. The Grand Mosque, which unfortunately cannot be visited by foreigners, is quite attractive from the outside.

We put up at the Grand Hotel, located on the harbor, and found it an exceedingly comfortable place, very clean and most inviting with the added comfort of excellent food. The hot tropical sun pouring in through our windows considerably enhanced the pleasure of our stay. During the afternoon we visited the barracks, from the roof of which we kodaked the town with very satisfactory results. The whitewashed walls and narrow streets are similar to those in Tunis. The people also resemble the inhabitants of Tunisia, but are somewhat more primitive.



SOUSSE — HARBOR FRONT

We also took a drive in a hack to the Catacombs where we explored some remarkable ruins discovered about fifteen years ago. The galleries extend underground for over four kilometers, and those whom curiosity leads to explore these dim passageways will enjoy an exceedingly interesting experience. Our interest, however, was soon quenched and we were glad to get back to the surface and the sunshine. The bazaars, into which we also looked, are more primitive and interesting than those of Tunis, and the prices at which rugs and other articles can be purchased there are ridiculously low. Several hours can be pleasantly spent lingering in front of the little kiosks, watching the various craftsmen carrying on their trades. It is somewhat surprising to see the primitive methods still adopted in the making of shoes, clothes, and other articles which are produced at an unusually low cost. A franc here goes a very long way.

As it had been a fine day, and we had met with nothing in the way of accidents, we congratulated ourselves heartily on our first venture on a motor tour in northern Africa.

Our ultimate destination being Medenin, 550 kilometers south of Tunis, our itinerary called for Sfax as our next stopping place for the next night.

We spent the evening quietly watching the traffic in the harbor, consisting of two ships loading for Mediterranean ports, olive oil forming the major part of their freight.

At nine-thirty in the morning of Friday, January 3, 1913, we were up and away, and soon the town was left behind. Before us spread out a fertile country, producing olive trees in great abundance. Sousse, like most of the villages in this part of the world, is a veritable oasis. In half an hour, however, we entered a semi-desert, sighting the ancient ruins of El Djem, 65 kilometers from Sousse. These ruins loom up in the midst of the desolation like a light-house to a tempest-tossed mariner, and are the only objects visible in this flat, deserted country where not a tree is to be seen anywhere. One wonders why any one should have erected a monument of this nature in such a God-forsaken spot. Immediately on arriving at El Djem we left the car and inspected the place. We found stone blocks of tremendous size piled one upon another, forming one of the greatest amphitheatres in the world, surpassing almost the Forum at Rome. Few tourists know of this monument, and fewer still have seen it. As one stands gazing on these massive blocks, one is struck with admiration and moved to speculate as to



CROSSING THE DESERT BETWEEN SFAX AND SOUSSE

how such weighty materials were transported here. A glance at the guide book, however, enlightens us, for we find there that the work was done by slaves who were employed to bring them from the port, 40 kilometers distant.

In 689, this monument, now considered to be one of the finest in northern Africa, successfully resisted the repeated attacks made on it by the Arabs, but, finally, compelled by lack of food and water, its brave defenders decided to dig an underground tunnel, 12 kilometers in length (part of which is still to be seen) and through it they succeeded in making their escape. As late as 1695 considerable damage was done to the amphitheatre by bands of roving Arabs.

After photographing several parts of the old edifice, we reluctantly left to make our way southwards to Sfax. Twelve o'clock sharp found us in the town, and then we sped onward towards Gabes.

The country from El Djem to Sfax is practically similar to that lying between Sousse and El Djem, until within 30 kilometers of Sfax, when the desert is left behind. During our trip we found the district to be under martial law. Our morning's run took us over a rolling country, with easy gradients, and we had the unusual oppor-

tunity of seeing a number of mirages. One of them took the form of a big lake on our left; but as we rapidly approached it, and the sun shone on it from a different angle, it gradually disappeared and we saw nothing but the dry desert sands. We could very easily understand how travelers in slow-moving caravans would mistake, in this wide expanse of unknown country, these wonderful mirage pictures for the much-needed water they were in search of, and we could appreciate their disappointment when they found, on reaching them, nothing but dry, desert sands. We were in a motor, speeding along at some 45 miles an hour, and a mirage which could be observed in from ten to twenty minutes by us, would take three or four hours for the members of a slow-moving caravan to discover.

Shortly after midday we stopped in the desert for lunch. Our meal, in the open, without the slightest shade, was necessarily hurried, and the sun was very glaring, filling Payne with fears of a sunstroke.

As far as the eye could see, there was nothing but a dreary waste and desolation. An unpleasant feeling began to come over us. What if the motor should break down, or the gasoline give out, or the tires explode? Where should we go, and how could



EL DJEM

we protect ourselves? The caravans here are few in number, and those we met were all heavily armed. We possessed nothing in the shape of a weapon, not even a pocket pistol. One long tangent after another stretched away before our eyes into the illimitable distance. We were traveling along an excellent road, certainly, but we began to get very weary, and when we reached the 333-kilometer stone south of Tunis, our courage forsook us and we turned back, setting the radiator of Mercedes pointing to the north once more.

We have since deeply regretted our decision, as Gabes, we learned later, is the most interesting oasis in the whole of Africa, and we were only but a few kilometers distant, less than an hour's run in fact. Medenin, too, some 60 kilometers farther south of Gabes, where the good road ceases, is reported to be well worth a visit, possessing a fairly good hotel at which the tourist may comfortably refresh himself.

The inhabitants of the neighborhood of Medenin are very wild, living practically under ground, a round hole in the surface of the earth being the only means of communication with the village, which is out of sight. They are fierce in their manners, and, owing to the Tripolitan War and the proximity of this village to the

frontier, some 50 kilometers off, many ferocious tribes, which were never here before, have come into this district. Foreigners, too, are not looked upon with kindly eyes.

The district is well known for its mineral wealth. Platinum, tin, and copper are found in abundance in the interior, and considerable mining is carried on. A great future is in store for the unexplored parts of this neighborhood.



AT THE GATES OF SFAX

SFAX TO ENFIDAVILLE

IN the early afternoon we drew up before the Hotel de France, at Sfax, and obtained, though the accommodation looked far from inviting, two vacant rooms. A wash-up refreshed us and we soon set out with a guide furnished by the proprietor of the hotel, to visit the Arab quarters, the most characteristically oriental we had as yet seen, and decidedly the most interesting.

The people are very queer in appearance; the caravans just in from the desert bringing a horde difficult to describe in words. Every type is to be seen, and clothed in every conceivable kind of garb.

On the outskirts is the camel market, which presents a vivid and fascinating picture. Located close by are the cisterns which, covering an area of some fifteen acres, supply all the water for the town. The old city walls, still intact, are particularly fine, and display some remarkable examples of antique architecture.

Among other places of interest we visited were a number of Bedouin tents and encampments,

from which we obtained an excellent idea of the people's mode of living.

A factory for the production of olive oil was inspected in the course of the day. This consisted simply of a huge stone, which was rolled round and round in a circle over a cement floor, the motive power being furnished by one poor, old, blind-folded camel, who was doomed to walk the enclosed, dark room from six in the morning till six at night, until in the course of time he receives his last call and, his work ended, his tough old hide will be removed and hung out to dry in the yard outside.

Our tour of inspection included also the harbor front. A picturesque scene is here presented by the hundreds of fishing boats gathered together, all busily engaged in the sponge fishery.

In the neighborhood of the city are piled up salt mounds in great quantities, closely resembling those seen in the vicinity of Cadiz, in southern Spain.

The whole place was of extraordinary interest; the bright and variegated coloring of the native dress, with the typical background of high lights and shades making a setting like that of a stage scene.

When we got back to the hotel we were in-



CAMEL MARKET AT SFAX

formed that the hotel at Gabes called Hotel Colonies is fairly good, but that a better one was to be opened shortly. We were also told we were lucky not to have gone to Medenin at this time, as we had intended, since only a few days prior to our arrival, two French officers had been shot to death while motoring in that district.

Our day's run of 296 kilometers occupied us just over four hours, along a fairly good road. The numerous "thank-you-ma'ams" were easily discernible and the approaches to them so fine that the shock to the car was practically negligible.

Some of the laws of the country are typical of the locality and are rather amusing. For example, a man may take unto himself only four wives, and each marriage ceremony costs him 33 francs. Of course, he can always obtain a divorce, but the cost of the proceedings is now as high as 16 francs and 50 centimes, having been raised in recent years from the comparatively cheap cost of 6 francs, owing to the constant abuse of this matrimonial luxury. The government is said to be much pleased with the working of the two-dollar raise, as divorces have now practically ceased owing to it. I wonder how this law would work in the United States, and whether the extra two dollars would count for much there.

In Tunisia, a man wishing to marry never sees his wife beforehand. He simply makes a contract with the parents and then, in nine cases out of ten, draws a prize package. As one of the natives said to me, "You buy a nice box, open it after the ceremony, and take your chance on what jumps out. My wife," he said, "is very nice, and I have been married for one year. Her age is now thirteen."

During the following morning we again visited the town, and inspected several factories where the large earthen jars, peculiar to this country, are made.

After partaking of a poor lunch we deported for Sousse. At El Djem, 63 kilometers distant, we left the old route behind, taking highway No. 37, leading to the town of Mahdia, 42 kilometers distant, through which place we passed two hours later. We found it a dusty and uninteresting place, though the country along the bit of road spread from El Djem to Mehdia is much finer than the more inland route, and takes only about one hour and a quarter longer to traverse. The vegetation and trees, especially the old olive trees, are really fine.

Monastir, the next town of importance, seemed a place of some interest, though we proceeded on



AT SFAX, SHOWING HOW THE RAIN-WATER IS GATHERED

our way without lingering. We crossed more salt meadows, and piles of salt are to be seen in every direction.

After traveling over 174 kilometers of perfect road in a little over three hours, we drew up in front of the hotel and were warmly welcomed back to our old quarters.

The next morning, Sunday, January 5, broke dull and cloudy. We left Sousse behind in a cloud of dust, bound for the holy city of Kairouan, located, in the middle of the desert, some 60 kilometers inland from the sea.

It is necessary to retrace our steps for some ten or twelve kilometers over the road we had come the night before to M'saken, at which point a sharp turn to the right leads us westward for the remainder of the run.

After M'saken the vegetation is left behind; gradually even the ubiquitous cactus disappears and nothing but sand is to be seen in every direction. The road is evidently difficult to keep up, and many were the wash-outs we had to negotiate. When approaching Kairouan we came across some ten kilometers of very bad road, where rivers formed by the torrential rains had entirely washed away the old road bed, and the car had to take to the desert to make any progress.

The railroad line is crossed at Si-el-Hani, and at 10: 20 we found ourselves at the walls of the town. We proceeded to the Hotel de France, a modest but clean hostelry, where lunch was ordered for twelve o'clock. The distance traveled was 59 kilometers.

It took us some time to obtain the services of a courier, but this done, we set off in the car to pay a visit of inspection to the Mosque de Barbier, situated some four kilometers outside the town.

Kairouan possesses in all eighty-five mosques, but only a few are open to the public. In order to reach the Mosque de Barbier, it was necessary to pass through the main street, traversing the center of the town. Our courier informed us that we could easily circumvent the town's walls, but Payne was for going through the old-fashioned street itself. We allowed him to have his wish and succeeded in raising no end of a commotion, had every kind of threat hurled against us, and were even physically held up by some of the Arabs who refused to move from the center of the road for us. It was an exceedingly disagreeable experience, and one that I would not recommend to any motorist to undergo. Our passage through the town was also the cause of several fights among the inhabitants, some of whom were very



VIEW OF THE CISTERNS AT SFAX

desirous to see the car, while others were not. A fight was the immediate result of this difference, and chairs, tables, or anything that was handy went flying through the air in the course of the combat, and smashed to pieces on the head of any one within reach. Fortunately for us the street was not long — some six or seven New York City blocks only, and we eventually emerged safely on the other side of the town.

The Mosque de Barbier is quite the finest of its kind we saw during our African tour. The mosaic work is in a remarkably good state of preservation; the stately proportions, elegant columns, and, indeed, the entire effect of the handsome courts and passageways are exceedingly attractive, in every sense of the word.

Unfortunately we were pressed for time, so we hastened back to Kairouan, four kilometers off, to view the Grand Mosque. This structure, although considerably larger than the mosque we had just left, is by no means as interesting or as beautiful. It consists of an immense court with the mosque rising at one end, the floor covered with matting, and the edifice itself adorned with many Roman columns brought from ancient Carthage. It is extremely interesting to visit and watch the inhabitants intent on their devotions.

They formed a picturesque scene as they knelt praying with their heads touching the ground. A lofty tower rising at one end of the court, gives an artistic finish to the sacred building.

On our return to the hotel, we amused ourselves, while waiting for lunch, witnessing a demonstration of magic art given by an itinerant snake charmer. The man produced from his bag several very large reptiles, and, to the accompaniment of an air played on a kind of flute, he kept the creatures wriggling about him, while a crowd of interested spectators gathered and crowded around. Payne and I, however, contented ourselves by looking on from our seats in the car. The fakir charmed one of the serpents to such a degree that it sprang at his nose and fastened its fangs through the flesh. Considerable trouble was experienced in opening the reptile's mouth, when it was found that four ugly wounds were left on the man's face. Two francs were added to the subscription owing to this unfortunate accident, but the snake charmer offered, for one franc more, to pass a spear through his face. The sum was forthcoming, and taking a spear, the man pressed it against one cheek and caused it to pass through his mouth, and out at the other cheek; quite an elaborate operation for twenty cents, and quite



TYPICAL GRAVEYARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SFAX

sufficient for Payne and myself, who, deciding that we had seen more than enough, retired with an excellent appetite for our meal.

It was partly owing to this exhibition by the snake charmer that we witnessed, later in the day, the most extraordinary sight either Payne or myself had ever seen in our lives.

The courier informed us that we could, if we so wished, with the permission of the governor of the town, be allowed to see the sacred Aisawa dance, but it would be necessary for us to sign certain papers relieving the government of all responsibility as to what might happen to the European visitors, in the event of an attack by the natives. These we readily signed, and the large sum of thirty francs, or six dollars, having been paid for the entertainment, we waited for the performance, which was to take place at two o'clock.

A poor lunch was served at the hotel, but as our appetites were akin to those of starving wolves, it tasted very good to us. We filled up the time waiting for the opening of the dance by wandering through the Souks' quarters, which we found exceedingly interesting. The passages are entirely covered over by heavy cemented arched roofs, provided here and there with holes for

ventilation. These passageways are always cool, even on the hottest summer days, and, as a result, business is never at a standstill here.

During this visit I endeavored to obtain a photograph of an old Arab sitting in his house, which was built entirely of the sides of disused gasoline cans. I thought the picture would interest Mr. Rockefeller. The old gentleman, however, seated on a small stool at the entrance of this remarkable chateau of his, became exceedingly angry when I pointed my kodak at him, falling over backwards into his kennel, which is the only adequate description of the hovel, and slammed the door after him. I heard tremendous oaths in picturesque Arabic coming from the inside. Certainly the temperature within this tin castle, standing by itself in the desert in the broiling sun, must have been anything but agreeable.

We arrived at the mosque somewhat in advance of the time set, and proceeded to enter the Holy of Holies, where we were taken to three chairs set in a row. We had taken our chauffeur with us, thinking that he ought to witness the sight also. The Arabs were gathered to the number of about thirty; several children were also present, varying in age from about six to twelve. A few men who formed a circle on the floor now



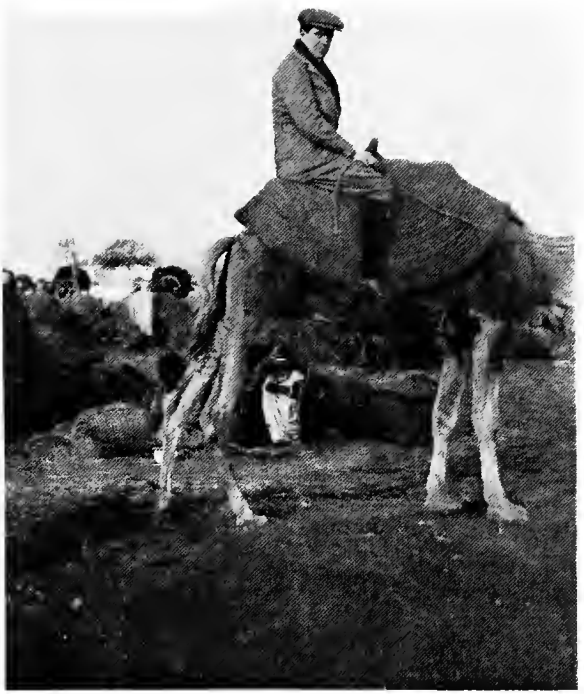
CAMEL MARKET AT SFAX

began beating on the usual oriental instruments, and produced all kinds of queer noises, sounding just like the Midway Plaisance at exhibitions in the States. After about five minutes of this wild, weird music, accompanied by unearthly yells from all the Arabs present, who were at this time lined up against the back wall, swaying in a slow rhythmic movement from right to left, and producing at intervals of about fifteen seconds a series of loud grunts, the entire party gradually worked itself up to a state of frenzy, bringing on a kind of self-hypnotism. Suddenly, after about fifteen minutes, one of the men began to divest himself of his upper garments, and seizing a piece of steel shaped very much like a fencing foil, he proceeded to pass it through his cheek in exactly the same manner in which the snake charmer had done in the morning. He then tore up and down the room, with his eyes bulging out of his head and his hair flying behind him, giving both Payne and myself many a weird sensation as the steel whizzed by our faces not over an inch away. It was evident that the poor fellow was in a trance, and utterly unconscious of what he was doing.

The music and the species of charm that appeared to be cast on all of the men taking part in

the dance now seemed to produce the same effect on many of the others. One, seizing a light instrument, passed it through his throat, and then went flying through the room yelling at the top of his voice. Another man took hold of six spears and placing the points against his stomach allowed a second man to hammer them into his body until they had penetrated his skin three or four inches. Both Payne and I began to feel somewhat ill, our digestive organs had almost stopped working entirely, and we were in a bath of perspiration. We concluded we had had enough of this weird religious dance. We were on the point of leaving when the courier said to us, "Don't go, they have only just started. Many more extraordinary things are to come." We therefore kept our seats.

One man now took a cavalry sword and approaching to within a few feet of me calmly commenced slashing his leg, making six large gashes on the calf. Another suddenly popped up from somewhere or other, and before I realized what he was doing, had slashed his stomach with two or three terrific cuts. One fellow nonchalantly rammed a sword down his throat into his stomach. This, I believe, is a comparatively easy feat when you know how it is done.



W. K. V., JR., ON A CAMEL AT SFAX

By this time every one present seemed to have gotten into a raving trance. Swords, bayonets and every kind of pointed instrument flew past us, while these delirious creatures were performing their ghastly dance. Fearing the danger and consequences of staying longer, we decided it would be wiser to leave, no matter what our courier said.

Just as we were about to go, one of the men seized a little girl, at about ten years of age, and tearing off her garments he stuck one of the swords through her face. That was enough for us. We made a hurried exit, heartily glad to find ourselves in the outer court.

The Mohammedans did not even notice our departure. The entertainment, in fact, had only just begun, and, once outside, we were able to look back over the heads of those clamoring for entrance in the doorway, and hear the frightful sounds that emanated from inside.

Red hot irons were now being taken in for the entire multitude to walk upon. Broken glass was to be eaten in quantities. Cactus leaves, which it would have been impossible for Payne or myself to touch, owing to their sharp prongs, were devoured as though they were pieces of bread.

One man was to have three swords stuck right

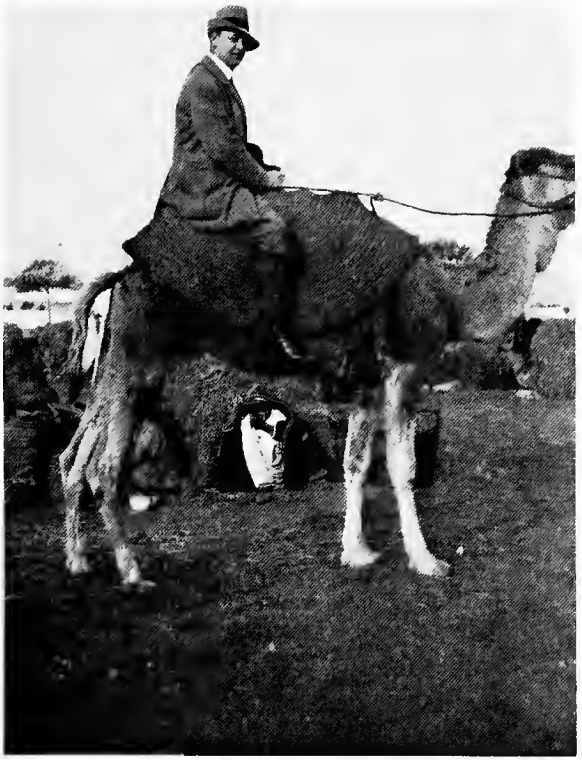
through him, the points coming out on the other side of him. Another was to undergo the ordeal of having a large nail hammered into the top of his head.

As I left the room I noticed an old man seated in one corner, who, I learned, was the Father of the Ceremonies. After each performer had done his penance by committing some frightful act upon himself, he would kneel in front of this man, who would whisper in his ear and thus bring him back to his senses.

A remarkable fact was the absence of bloodshed. It was explained to me that a thick grease was spread over the blades which caused the wounds to cauterize and so prevented hemorrhages.

The proceeds of the entertainment do not go to the actors, but to the Society of Bien Fesance; though what good they do by countenancing such barbarity is more than I can make out. Every country, however, has its peculiarities, and all that these poor fellows receive is one cent each for the act they perform, except, of course, they take the express train to Heaven when they die.

Upon talking later with our courier, he told me that his brother was one of those who had three swords passed through him. He had been taught how to do this, in his youth, by his father, who



MR. PAYNE ON A CAMEL AT SFAX

had also been a performer in this dance ever since childhood and who, as he grew older, found that he could perform even bolder experiments. In fact, the courier said, his brother was not at all hurt by having swords passed through his body, losing no blood and suffering no pain. When he came out of his trance he went home and enjoyed a good dinner as though nothing unusual had taken place. Two or three times a week he would perform this operation, puncturing his stomach, intestines, and other organs of the body.

Doctors from all parts of the world have witnessed these acts being performed, but as yet they have been unable to give any explanation, though all are agreed that the deeds are actually done and that no deception is practised upon the audience.

Two kinds of religious dances are performed by the Arabs in northern Africa, the "Aisawa," the one we had just witnessed, and the "Hamadsha." Both can be seen throughout the interior of Tunisia, and in some parts of Algeria and Morocco. It is very dangerous for Europeans to be present on occasions of this kind, and it is fully known to the government that the aim of the people performing these dances is to bring about a Holy

War, and to drive Christians from the shores of northern Africa.

Mr. George E. Holt, the American Vice-Consul at Tangiers, writing on this subject says: "In the center of a crowd of thousands of Mohammedans, dancing wildly without cessation; when he hears the interminable beat of the low-voiced drums and the never-ceasing monotony of the shrill pipes; when he sees the banners of the Prophet, malignant green and red and gold, then this Christian foreigner feels that here is something which he cannot understand; that here are people voicing the ideals of the Mohammedan world, which somehow seems to become suddenly larger, and that he himself has had a mistaken conception of what Mohammedanism means. And when his eyes behold the rise and fall of glittering axes upon shaven heads of man and boy, and he hears the peculiar rattle of contact between head and weapon, and sees the beginning of the red flood, which gradually spreads down over face and neck and garments, witnesses the ecstasies of pain in the name of Allah, then somehow the sun seems to become unbearably hot, the air stifling, the shriek of the pipes and the beat of the drums simply infernal, and with it all comes just a faint impression of what fear might be, and the desire



GRAND MOSQUE AT KAIROUAN

to get away from it all to the realities of life, for certainly this mob of dancing, singing demons is not real!"

We climbed into our car, which we were glad to find where we had left it outside the mosque door, and as we rolled off kilometer after kilometer in a northerly direction towards Tunis, I must confess I began to feel much more comfortable, even though the wild desert spread itself out in every direction around us. For one solid hour we kept on through the dreary waste, until we arrived at Enfidaville, after a run of 60 kilometers.

ENFIDAVILLE TO LA CALLE

DURING our journey across this plain we met numerous bands of Bedouins and several large caravans. One of these bands appeared to be somewhat of a ferocious character, its men members being laden with guns and pistols of the old match-lock type. Some of the men assumed threatening attitudes towards us, one fellow even pointing his pistol at us as we drove by. It was consoling to think that had the old thing gone off it would probably have killed its owner rather than us, although for the moment we were decidedly uncomfortable.

An amusing incident occurred on passing one of these caravans. A camel, on which was seated a majestic looking Arab, took fright at the car and began performing a waltz, spinning around at a tremendous pace three times. The rider stuck gamely to his seat, but in a few seconds the inevitable happened, and he was flung ignominiously from his lofty saddle. His flowing robes, acting like a parachute, were raised picturesquely above his head as he shot through the air, and he dropped



GRAND MOSQUE, KAIROUAN

on his feet before us in a condition of Arcadian simplicity which would undoubtedly have caused his instant arrest had the incident happened on Broadway. It was the smartest disrobing act I had ever witnessed. We waited to see that he was not hurt and then passed on without answering the flow of offended gibberish with which he favored us in his picturesque Arabic.

Soon after leaving Enfidaville it began to rain, and very hard, too, so that it was necessary to put up the top, and for the remainder of the run to Tunis we consoled ourselves as best we could, sitting inside. It was a sad sight to see numbers of poor Arabs tramping along the highway with their voluminous garments drenched through and through, looking far more like drowned rats than human beings.

At 4:30 P.M. we were at Tunis once more, and the first part of our African trip was completed. The 156 kilometers from Kairouan had been accomplished in three hours, and the total day's run of 215 kilometers had been traversed in four hours and ten minutes. During the afternoon the road was good the entire way, and we obtained a capital view of Lake Sedkra Kelbia. Indeed, the road for some kilometers actually runs alongside that picturesque expanse of water. The road on

which we had been traveling, No. 38, joins the National Highway No. 1, at Enfidaville, which was the road we had traversed on our run to the south.

Altogether we had covered 825 kilometers in fourteen hours and twenty minutes, and we did this without a mishap, not even killing a chicken. One poor little bird, however, which flew across our path was struck by the radiator and killed; but this was the only unfortunate to succumb to our first visit to this part of the world. On summing up our four days' trip we decided that it had been, on the whole, exceedingly interesting, and certainly we had enjoyed every minute of it.

From hurried observations on our trip through the Protectorate of Tunisia, we came to the conclusion that the interior offers unusual opportunities for development, especially in respect to the mineral resources. The section of the country known as Gafsa, near the Tripolitan frontier, about 200 kilometers inland, is very rich in various minerals. Phosphate also is found here in great quantities. Had we had the time for a railroad journey into the interior I think it would have repaid us the trouble. I do not, however, advise any one to attempt it at the present time by



GRAND MOSQUE AT KAIROUAN

motor, because the roads are not yet macadamized, and are quite unfit for automobile traffic.

In the central part of Tunisia, iron ore, zinc, and lead are found. Many mines of these minerals already located are not yet in working order; the northern section of the country also possesses large numbers of iron mines, most of which, however, are still undeveloped. Tin and lead are also found here.

The northern part of the country, through which we journeyed next, is a mountainous nature and exceedingly fertile. These mountain ranges, as one travels south, become gradually barren, and the stretch of flat land which adjoins the sea takes on the appearance of an absolute desert, with the exception of a few towns located in oases.

The day following our return to Tunis was delightfully fine and we passed it resting from our last excursion, and gave the mechanic his opportunity to overhaul the car. During the day we paid a visit to the divorce court and watched the proceedings with considerable interest. We found it was quite well worth giving an hour or two to its inspection. And here it may not be amiss to give some description of the picturesque costumes worn by the different classes of people in Tunis.

The Arab women wear a white garment known as Haiks, which covers them from head to foot, and a thick black veil entirely conceals the features, with the exception of their eyes. Their faces are never seen. The Jewish women only leave their faces exposed. They also wear the Haiks, and a high-pointed, cornucopia-like cap, over the top of which the end of the Haiks is pulled.

The Bedouin women appear to pay rather less attention to their actual garments, being dressed usually in rags with a bright-colored bandana handkerchief as head-gear. Bracelets, rings, ear-rings and necklaces are, however, worn in great quantities, as if to make up for the poverty of the rest of the costume. Their finger nails and toes are stained black with henna, and their faces are tattooed and marked with innumerable blue lines, one large dash under the lower lip being particularly noticeable.

The men of the country resemble somewhat, in their mode of living, their confrères of central Italy, that is to say, they play the part of the "Boss," and have a constitutional aversion for work of any kind. One constantly passes small parties of them along the road, the men riding bare-back on the smallest imaginable donkeys, sitting poised on the animals' hindquarters, which



A LADY OUT FOR A MORNING RIDE; ONE EYE IS SUFFICIENT TO TAKE IN THE SIGHTS

gives the little creature so small an appearance to the eyes of a European that he is always wondering how they keep from falling over backwards. The gentleman of the party having passed by, his sundry wives may then be seen bringing up the rear on foot, and carrying all their worldly possessions with them either on their arms or on their heads.

During the afternoon of our stay in Tunis we again visited the Souks and remarked that certain streets appeared to be given up to the sale of special kinds of wares. For instance, one long street was devoted entirely to the making of shoes, in another hats alone were to be bought; another offered garments, and so on.

In our wanderings through these interesting quarters of Tunis, as well as of other towns we visited in Tunisia, we were constantly coming across Marabout graves. These are not graves in the true meaning of the word, that is to say, they contain no bodies, but are mounds raised in remembrance of some hermit, saint or fanatic, usually the latter, and are erected to his everlasting memory at those places where, during his lifetime, he was most often to be seen. I have sometimes seen these graves, shaped like a coffin, situated in the middle of a street, or even in coffee

rooms, where coffee was actually being served off the tops of them.

We had planned to leave Tunis early in the morning, intending to stop at Beja for lunch, and to reach La Calle, a small seaport on the Mediterranean, for the night. Accordingly we started out soon after nine accompanied by a most unpleasant drizzling rain, which continued practically all the day. After leaving the outskirts of Tunis the road passes through a fairly fertile grazing country to Medjez-el-Bab, over National Highway No. 5, which is left some ten kilometers before reaching that town to turn off along National Road No. 23, which is followed right through to Beja.

The town of Medjez-el-Bab is a very uninteresting place, located on the Medjeida River, which is crossed by a bridge, en route to Beja, 41½ kilometers distant. The rolling pastoral country was now rapidly left behind, and as we advanced into the mountains the scenery became exceedingly fine. The farmsteads we saw were all fertile and prosperous looking, and we noticed many pretty ranches with numerous herds of cattle. This was a remarkable change from the country we had recently explored to the south of Tunis. Camels are replaced here by horses and mules,



CAR AT MOSQUE DE BARBIER, KAIROUAN

almost entirely, and during our day's run we encountered but one of the "Ships of the Desert."

Beja was reached just before midday and, bumping over the railroad tracks, we climbed up rather a steep hill along a broad street and on the right-hand side found the Hotel de France, our proposed lunching place. Unfortunately, we had counted our chickens before they were hatched; in other words, we had expected to find decent food here, but were sadly disappointed. Our luncheon basket not being provisioned, we had to content ourselves with eating what we could get, which was, indeed, anything but appetizing. The hotel is not to be recommended.

The town itself boasts of possessing 10,000 inhabitants, and although it was an important commercial center prior to its occupation by the Romans, it has, to-day, nothing of interest to recommend it, though it is still the agricultural center for this part of the world.

We had made the best of a bad lunch, and the downfall of rain increasing to torrential force, we decided to get under way once more, preferring to rely on the comforts the automobile afforded rather than on those the old hostelry could offer us. Our course was now practically due north through the mountains, passing some of the iron

mines which are located here, and the workings of which were plainly visible from the highway. The country is attractive, and well timbered, the road well kept, and the whole run through to Tabarca is a most interesting one.

All went well until we punctured a rear tire, 44 kilometers from Beja, and as the sun had made his welcome reappearance from behind the rain clouds, we lowered the top while the necessary repairs were being made. The involuntary, though not unwelcome stop, enabled us to take note of the country people passing with their wagons along the road. These wagons are drawn by spans of from eight to ten mules. The people appear to be well-to-do and prosperous, and the houses seen along the route are clean and modern, though nothing in the nature of a village was seen along the whole route.

Repairs having been completed, we were soon under way again. Tabarca was reached, the first village since leaving Beja. We found it a quaint little town, clean and typically French. As we passed through we noticed the small Hotel de France, and remarked its charmingly clean appearance as we dashed by. Little did we realize it would be our fate to be its guests before another hour had gone by.



THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT

On we went along Highway No. 26, achieving a climb of over 1,500 feet; when we suddenly saw stretching before us an exceedingly narrow road without any retaining walls. On our right were yawning precipices, and far below us a magnificent view of the sea with the little island of Tabarca nestling in the still waters just a few miles off the town of the same name.

Ten kilometers after beginning the climb the macadam surface was left behind, and almost impassable roads, full of holes, ruts and sandy stretches, were before us, and culminating in an apology for a road many inches deep in mud. After floundering along for some five kilometers further, we began to fear we might be stuck in this outlandish locality where neither human habitation nor living creature was to be seen, and nothing but forests surrounding us. We decided that discretion was the better part of valor and turned back intending to remain at Tabarca for the night. Just an hour after passing through Tabarca we were back again in the little place and pulled up in front of the Hotel de France. The inside of the hostelry was as clean as the outside, and in every way inviting. The innkeeper and his wife were obliging to a degree, and, contrary to what might have been expected in a place of

such unimportance, we spent an exceedingly comfortable night and enjoyed a very good dinner.

The distance actually covered during the day amounted to 200 kilometers, including the run to the top of the mountain and back after passing Tabarca.

Tabarca does quite an important trade in exporting cork. On exploring the little village we located huge stacks of cork piled up on the beach, all ready for shipment. We also gleaned the information that the inhabitants who saw us speeding along Road No. 26 thought we were absolutely crazy to take the route, since no automobile had ever attempted to travel that way. We learned, however, that we had actually crossed and recrossed the worst part of it, and that had we kept on for another five kilometers we should have emerged on to the National Road No. 25, which would have taken us right down into La Calle, along a magnificent surface.

In order to circumvent this mountain, it is necessary to travel on Road No. 24, joining No. 25 at Babouch, where is also located the Tunisian Custom House, that of Algeria being at La Calle.

The next morning, Wednesday, January 8, soon after breakfast, we were under way again running due south over the excellent surface of



DRIVING THE CAMELS IN A HERD TO TOWN TO PREPARE THEM FOR AN EXTENDED JOURNEY

Highway No. 24, to Babouch. We were constantly climbing and came upon some magnificent scenery with delightful views spread out before us in all directions, and superb forests of virgin timber and immense numbers of cork trees. Shortly after starting, some young boy, most probably a shepherd, threw a rock at us from one of the overhanging precipices, which landed plumb into the mechanic's lap. Fortunately, no harm was done and we did not stop to investigate.

In thirty-five minutes we were at Babouch, at an altitude of 1,500 feet, and attained the summit of the pass. Another run along the highlands for 32 kilometers brought us to La Calle, where our customs papers were duly examined by the officials at the Douane. Immediately afterwards we were dropping rapidly down along the good road on the western side of the mountain. For the 15 kilometers before La Calle the road runs through a perfectly level country at the top of the plateau, which seemed to us to be of unusual fertility.

LA CALLE TO CONSTANTINE

WE left La Calle and after proceeding for about 15 kilometers, we again struck Road No. 26, which we had mistaken the previous evening at Tabarca. Its condition was quite as bad at this end as we had found it the night before. One cause for its wretched state is, I believe, due to the working of a mine in the neighborhood, the heavy and constant traffic from which tears up the surface.

La Calle is rather an attractive looking little seaport of 2,800 inhabitants, of whom 2,400 are Europeans. Its history, like that of most places on this coast, dates back to the time of the Roman occupation. It is now an old seaport seldom touched at by steamers; its inhabitants live chiefly from the catch of fish from the sea. The place boasts of an old hotel, called Hotel Barnier, which did not look particularly inviting, and I would advise motorists to continue their journey to Bone, rather than stop at La Calle for the night.

As we were unable to find the Algerian Douane



A SMALL OASIS IN THE DESERT; AND SOME ARABS

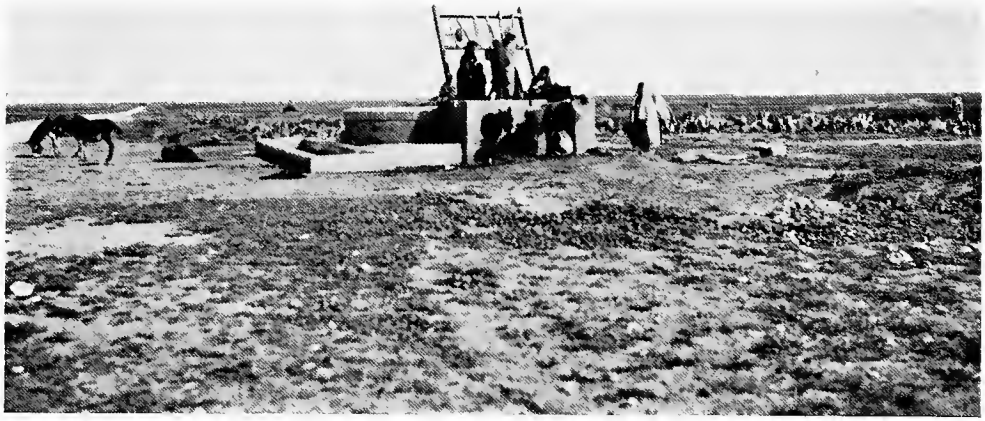
at La Calle, we pushed on to Bone, 88 kilometers farther on. We passed through a flat and not very interesting country devoted principally to grazing and pastoral pursuits. The fields and grassy swamps were full of herds of cattle. The road itself is good but uninteresting, and is traversed on long tangents. The villages are few in number, small in size, and very dirty. In two of them the inevitable market day was in progress, the affair taking place in a penned-up square outside the village limits. It was interesting to look at, but very European. In fact, since we had left Tabarca, we might easily have imagined ourselves to be traveling through France. The Arab was hardly seen, European laborers tilled the fields, and tram-cars took the place of the camel.

At midday we reached Bone and stopped at the Hotel d'Orient, which proved sufficiently good to make us decide to stop here for the remainder of the day and take the opportunity to see the sights and obtain a rest. This thriving little place was laid out by French engineers and possesses large, fine boulevards, handsome buildings, a good harbor front, and a railroad terminal. Its population is 36,000, of which 20,000 are French, and 8,000 Arabs, the remainder being

Jews and foreigners. Its history, like that of the other places in this district, is ancient. At one time it was occupied by Spanish troops. It is most picturesquely situated, and its handsome harbor, of which I have already spoken, adds materially to the appearance of the town. The seven millions of francs spent on it was evidently laid out to advantage. The chief staples of export are phosphates and iron ore. The people of this fertile and attractive country appear to be prosperous and healthy, and the climate is salubrious. The total day's run amounted to 140 kilometers, which were covered comfortably in three hours and five minutes.

The next morning we woke to find an unpleasant, rainy day, but, as we were in no fear of the elements, we sallied forth immediately after breakfast and started on our journey with the top up.

Phillippeville, 118 kilometers distant, was our destination, and there we hoped to have lunch. We found a splendid road, and the first 80 kilometers, being quite flat, were covered in exactly eighty minutes. The country, through which we passed during this rapid dash, is picturesque, high hills being seen at a distance. These hills are eventually reached at St. Charles; the re-



TYPICAL DESERT WELL

mainder of the run to Philippeville being through and over these highlands.

At Phillippeville, we stopped at the Credit Lyonnais to get some cash. I needed four thousand francs and experienced great difficulty in procuring it. I was informed that if I would return after luncheon, the cashier would by that time have communicated with Constantine, and would then tell me whether or not he was in a position to pay me the desired amount. My entertainment at the bank having ended and my not unreasonable request having taken over an hour to fulfill, we proceeded to the Grand Hotel, located on the harbor front, and enjoyed a fine view of the Mediterranean. We found the place clean, and enjoyed a fairly good meal.

The town is an interesting place, with its old streets laid out over high hills, big arcades, and several handsome buildings, the views of all of which we obtained while snugly sheltering under the hood, for it was, to put it mildly, raining "cats and dogs."

Both Payne and myself felt rather blue; but I am told that the barometer falls very low in this part of the world, and that atmospheric conditions have an unusually depressing influence on visitors.

After lunch we were off on our way to Constan-

tine, stopping at the bank and obtaining my money, we began by retracing our steps as far as St. Charles, which we made within the half hour, and then set off for our afternoon's run of 83 kilometers. It was still raining hard, but we splashed on undaunted through the mud, enjoying thoroughly the magnificent scenery spread out before us. The surface of the road is excellent the entire way, and the mountainous aspect of the country grand. The Col des Oliviers, the summit of which is about 38 kilometers from Constantine, attaining an elevation of 2,000 feet, was reached without mishap, and we obtained some splendid views from the top.

Olive, cork, and eucalyptus trees line the route for the first 40 kilometers from Phillippeville, but from there on until Constantine is reached, the country is barren. Its general appearance has a certain similarity to that of the country in the neighborhood of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. No trees are to be seen and traces of vegetation are very slight, nevertheless the constant variation in the formation of the rocky strata offers the traveler a pleasing element of speculation as to what he may find round the next corner.

We entered the gates of Constantine at four in



WATERING TROUGH ERECTED IN AN OASIS IN THE DESERT

the afternoon, up a road cut in the side of a cliff. Our first business was to inquire at the post office for our mail. There we learned that the mail steamer which was to have brought it across the Mediterranean, had sunk to the bottom of the sea carrying with it everything on board except the passengers. As we were afraid of losing our way in the city, we engaged a boy for a franc to guide us to the Hotel de Paris. This was the one occasion we sought such service since leaving Paris. The boy took the coin, and strolling negligently across the street, politely pointed out our hotel, which was directly opposite to where we were standing. The place proved fairly good; its cuisine, for this part of the world, was excellent.

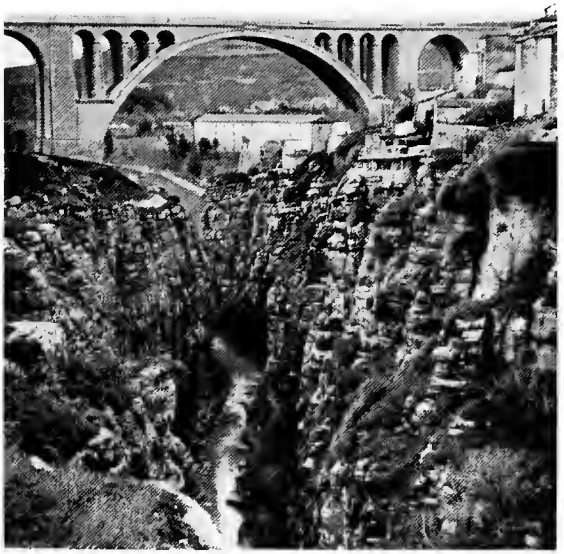
Our drive of 201 kilometers in the pouring rain over the mountains had taken us four hours and five minutes to accomplish. As on the previous day, our route lay through a country resembling certain parts of southern Europe far more closely than it did northern Africa. The picturesque Arab has here discarded his flowing robes for European wearing apparel, the turban alone being retained to indicate his nationality. The villages hereabout are identical in appearance to those met with in southern France, and the roads are built on exactly the same principle, and are,

if anything, finer. The camel is no longer employed as the beast of burden; indeed, for the last few days we had not set eyes on one of these indispensable animals. Modern shops also take the place of the little squatty, square holes cut in the wall, in which Arabs carried on their business in the past, and which, though not so suitable as modern buildings for the purpose, are far more attractive to the eye.

We decided to spend the day in this interesting old town, visiting the various places and objects of interest.

The city of Constantine is in reality an old citadel perched on top of a rock, the west side of which falls abruptly away for several hundred feet, while on the other side the Rummel River rushes through a deep canyon, cutting off the approach of any possible enemy from the north, south and east.

Several fine bridges span this canyon, and it is possible, on payment of a small sum, to walk along close to the river bed at the bottom of the narrow abyss, from where, looking upward one can see the fortifications and old houses overhanging the deep precipices. The whole place bears an aspect confirming the truth of the many stories related of murders, suicides, and other gruesome



THE GORGE AT CONSTANTINE

happenings which are said to have taken place in this gorge.

The town itself has a population of 48,000, 15,000 of whom are French, 9,000 Jews and 22,000 natives. Constantine dates back to the time of the Phœnicians, and during the period of the Roman occupation it was one of the wealthiest cities in Africa. In the fourteenth century it was almost destroyed, but was rebuilt by the Emperor Constantine from whom it took its name. Prior to that time it was called "Citra." It is a city of considerable consequence even at this day, a large military post being maintained there. Indeed, throughout its history the place has been closely associated with important military events.

It was taken by the Arabs soon after the Romans lost their footing in northern Africa. In 1830 it withstood an attack by the French, when it was most ably defended by the last of the Beys, Ahmed, who was in command of Constantine at the time. Six years later the Arabs inflicted an overwhelming defeat upon the French. In 1837 an army of 10,000 French troops again attacked the stronghold, successfully this time, but at a heavy loss in lives. Since that time, the city has been in the hands of the French; but the courageous Bey maintained a guerilla warfare in the wilder

parts of the country, making a more or less successful resistance for another eleven years, when, in 1848, he was finally compelled to surrender to overwhelming forces.

Most of the town still preserves its ancient appearance, but that part of it where the hotels are located is quite modern; the post and telegraph offices, the theatre and museum all being close at hand. The railroad station, however, is some distance off, on the eastern side of the chasm.

We paid a visit to the mosque, where we were much interested in witnessing a service of prayer that was in progress. Friday is the Arab's Sunday, and we were fortunate to be here on this day, when the mosque was crowded with devout worshipers. The inner court of the building is a beautiful sight with its cool-looking tiny fountains playing. Dispensing with our shoes, we went up a flight of marble steps to a large and airy room above the level of the ground, supported by numerous fine alabaster columns, and its floor covered with handsome old carpets. The reverent quiet of the place was delightfully soothing to the senses.

On the northern extremity of the town is a large block of barracks, quite imposing in appearance, where the garrison is housed.



TIMGAD

Our guide, a nice, quiet Arab, whose services we had engaged at the hotel, volunteered to show us his home. He was a Jew, and as all Jews' houses in this part of the world are painted blue on the outside, we found his house no exception to the rule. On entering it we found a clean little courtyard in which were two women, the guide's wife and his mother busily engaged in cooking something in a corner. The wife was only a child of thirteen, who had been purchased by him for 1,600 francs, Payne and I agreed that he had paid far too much; everyone has his own views on matters of this kind. The sleeping apartments on the upper floor were very clean and airy, and both Payne and I were not a little surprised at the general atmosphere of comfort and well-being.

During the afternoon we witnessed from the steps of the hotel, the passing of an Arab funeral across the square. It was a very sad and impressive sight. Some Arabs, chanting a solemn dirge, led the procession and were followed by the pall-bearers, who carried on their shoulders the body, which was covered only by a light robe, so that all its outlines were plainly visible.

In the evening we took in a dance which was arranged for by our guide, and which proved

more or less of a fake. We experienced some sensations of fear as we went down through the Arab quarter at night, especially when we were locked up in the house of the entertainment with a band of music and the ladies who were to perform the dance customary throughout the country.

During the evening one of the Aisawa Dervish dances was being performed in another part of the town; this was the dance we had witnessed at Kairouan; but after our experiences in the sacred city, we had not the courage to face another exhibition of the kind and preferred to attend the more ordinary affair, which, as I have said, was a dismal failure.

Our guide felt distinctly hurt at our refusing to witness the Aisawa, and regarded it as a want of taste on our part. He let us know that at least a hundred performers took part in the entertainment and wonderful feats were performed, quite a number removing an eye from their heads, eating nails (those large spikes such as are used on a railroad), and also devouring snakes and scorpions, finishing up with broken glass for dessert. We should not have believed him had we not witnessed most of these things with our own eyes at Kairouan. Payne and I came to the con-



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clusion that evening that we could congratulate ourselves on being believers in a religion which permitted us to lead a much simpler life, and allowed us to exist without the necessity of sacrificing ourselves and mutilating our bodies to the extent that these poor wretches did.

The street scenes throughout Constantine, and especially in the part of the city where we were that night, are of the greatest interest. A strong guard is on watch during the night to keep order. This is a wise precaution, as the thoroughfare through which we passed consisted chiefly of cafés and gambling dens.

The hotel in which we were staying is built directly over a very fine cavern, which is one of the sights of Constantine. It is reached by means of the hotel elevator, which descends through the floor of the hotel down into the cavern beneath.

CONSTANTINE TO EL KANTARA

ALL that night in Constantine it rained in torrents, but early the next morning, as we started on our road to Batna, the clouds broke and brilliant sunshine poured down upon us. Batna, which we intended to reach by luncheon time, lies 120 kilometers due south of Constantine. During the first part of our journey the road was rather winding, lying due north, and running through the very barest kind of country, and assuming, as we advanced southwards, more and more a desert-like appearance. The road we followed constantly rose in altitude until at Batna, where the cold was exceedingly unpleasant, we reached an elevation of 3,000 feet. We saw nothing of special interest during our run, nor is the scenery remarkable. The surface of the road is good the entire way, with the exception of occasional short stretches. Perhaps the one feature worthy of notice is a large lake, called Sebkha ex Zemoul, which we passed 60 kilometers from Constantine. The lofty mountain ranges on both sides of the road, with their summits covered with snow,



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cause the wind that blows down from them to be very cold.

For the first 30 kilometers of the run out of Constantine the country is fairly fertile, although about halfway along this road we ran into a desert and proceeded along a gently winding road for some 50 kilometers. For the last 20 kilometers, the valley narrows down considerably and the soil again becomes more fertile looking. Here we renewed our acquaintance with the camel, which we had not seen since we were at Beja. It was a welcome meeting, and gave us again the sensation of being actually in the far East.

Just before midday we arrived at the Hotel d'Orient, after a two hours and ten minutes' run. We found the hotel to be fairly good, and were both surprised and favorably impressed by its cleanly appearance. Indeed, for such an outlandish location, it is very good.

We engaged rooms, and, after transferring our heavy luggage to relieve the car, we partook of a good lunch. We then set out on a side trip to the old Roman ruins at Timgad, and were soon spinning along a wet road, the surface of which was partly covered with snow. It may sound absurd to speak of snow in Africa, but the temperature in this part of the world is very erratic. At one hour

the thermometer will register about zero in the mountains, and the next, down in the desert, we will be in the midst of green palm trees and cacti. The road from Batna to Timgad, some 38 kilometers in length, rises to an altitude of 3,800 feet; it is barren and uninteresting. At Lambèse, 11 kilometers from Batna, we passed some fine old Roman ruins, which are plainly visible from the car; but as we were pressed for time, we did not descend to inspect them. Some remarkable work in excavating is being done here by French convicts, who are lodged in a prison close to the road.

Our route hitherto had been fairly straight, but we now encountered a series of curves, and some fine views are obtained as the car swings round the bends of the road. At the same time one is constantly being impressed by the universal dreariness of the surroundings. Why the Romans should ever have chosen this outlandish place in which to build a town is a mystery to me. There is not a tree in sight, the soil is not fit to till, there is no water, and the town lying some 200 kilometers inland from the sea the place must have been very difficult of access. Nevertheless, the old town, which, in Roman days was powerfully garrisoned, contained a number of magnificent buildings, and the ruins which remain to this



TIMGAD

day are some of the finest in the world, those of famed Pompeii, in my opinion, fading into insignificance by comparison.

We reached Timgad about three in the afternoon and drew up before the Hotel de Timgad, which is owned by the proprietor of the Hotel des Etrangers, at Batna. Between these two hotels a motor omnibus service is maintained, which affords the tourist a capital opportunity to visit the ruins. The run is accomplished by this car in an hour, and judging from the size of the machine and the road on which it runs, I should simply hate to be one of the occupants while its mechanic is pushing it through on schedule time.

Timgad, as Lambese, is being excavated by convicts. I was fortunate in procuring some good pictures of the vicinity, notwithstanding the fact that a drizzling rain was falling at the time. The weather necessitated an exceptionally long exposure of the films.

The town of Timgad is of great interest. It was founded by Trajan, about 100 A. D., and was built by the Roman soldiers. It is rarely mentioned in history because of its distance from civilization and because it was surrounded by fierce tribes who made communication difficult. It is known that the Arabs finally overwhelmed

and destroyed the town about the beginning of the sixth century. The Forum, the Theatre, the Capitol, and the Public Baths, as well as the Market Place and the site of the ancient Temple, are all remarkably fine. The mosaic work in the Museum is very interesting, being extraordinary in size and in a fine state of preservation. It is interesting to note that along the streets are still to be seen the ruts worn by the wheels of the Roman chariots in the slabs of stone with which they are paved. Indeed, so interesting are the points of interest, that one could spend hours in this wonderful old city studying its archeological remains. With us, however, it was, as usual, a case of hurry, and we were obliged to cut our investigations short, and retrace our way over the same road back to Batna. When we once again descended at our hotel, we had accomplished, since the morning, a day's run of 194 kilometers, in three hours and forty minutes' running time.

Our rooms at the hotel were damp and cold, but huge fires in the fire-places soon made us comfortable, and after a fairly good dinner we were glad to retire for a good night's rest, as the thermometer was hovering around freezing point.

Early next morning, with the sky overcast and threatening, we left Batna for Biskra. The dis-



ROMAN ARCH AT TIMGAD

tance separating the two towns is 118 kilometers, and a gradual descent from about 3,000 feet to 300 feet above sea level brought us to the latter place. Biskra is, in reality, an oasis, and is used as a French garrison post; but it possesses modern hotels. I will touch more fully on this subject later. The terminal of the railroad, as also of the highway, is at this town. The great Sahara desert extends hundred of miles in a southerly direction, with nothing but trails to ride upon. While we were still on the plain of Sbakh, and on the point of descending the southern side of the Gebel Aures Mountains, we punctured a rear tire. Soon after we had passed the town of Mac-Mahon, and we were 33 kilometers from Batna, we came to the junction road leading to Setif. That was the route we would have to take on retracing our steps from Biskra the following day. In other words, it is necessary for the tourist to travel again over the road from Biskra for 86 kilometers up to this point. But it is an interesting drive, and one that can be taken many times before it becomes tiresome. The kilometer placque at this junction of the roads indicates 143 kilometers to Setif, and 86 to Biskra. Up to this point of the day's run our route had been over a vast plain, similar to that traversed the day before,

dreary and desert-like in appearance, with snow-capped mountains in the distance. This picture is, in fact, typical of the general scenery. From here onwards, a great change takes place. Having made the necessary repairs to our car, we immediately set off. The scenery became now extremely fine, and suddenly we saw before us a vast drop in the face of the plain, with a winding road leading us downward into a huge valley below. A superb view of the surrounding country is obtained from this point, and in the far distance the railroad may be seen skirting close to the side of the mountain, continually bridging over chasms or tunneling through the rock. Some beautiful effects of coloring were seen on the distant hills, the result of mineral deposits close to the surface.

A sharp bend in the road, and El Kantara appeared before us. A swift-flowing river runs through the gorge in which lies the mud village, and thousands of palm trees on all sides give it the appearance of an oasis.



OASIS AT EL KANTARA

EL KANTARA TO BOUGIE

THE Hotel Bertrand is attractively situated near the entrance to the gorge in which El Kantara is located. The hotel is a very comfortable place in which to spend a night, and the French proprietor and his wife are charming and anxious to do everything in their power for the care and comfort of their guests. The rooms are clean and the food quite good, though, of course, it is a southern establishment and should be considered as such by visitors. The architecture of the house is peculiar, the entrance to the bedrooms, for example, being from the roof, but once inside, one is snug and fairly secure from the attacks of the wild men who are supposed to roam about this part of the world, and from the beasts of the desert that not only spend sleepless nights themselves, but whose vocal efforts render sleep somewhat difficult for others.

El Kantara was at one time a Roman stronghold, and history relates that it was here Hercules, with one mighty kick, opened up the gorge through which the river flows to-day.

The whole district is full of these curious gorges, many of them interesting, and all within convenient distance from the hotel, at which the visitor would do well to make his headquarters for a few days. Among these gorges may be named the Gorge de Maafa, the Gorge de Tilaton, and the Gorge de Beni Ferah, all of which are said to be remarkably impressive, and for those who had more time at their disposal than we had in El Kantara, several days may be well spent in exploring the surrounding country.

While in El Kantara we succeeded in obtaining several good photographs. We then turned our car to the south, en route for Biskra, some 53 kilometers across the desert. On the south side of the town as we left, we passed an Arab burying ground, the graves of which were marked by a few rough stones heaped up in a pile.

The road skirts the river for a few miles and crosses it by a bridge some two or three kilometers south of El Kantara. It then runs parallel to the railroad for practically the whole of the remaining part of the route, and a flat plain, with a very fair roadway is traversed for the next 35 kilometers. Then, after breasting a high hill with a sharp climb to the top, we suddenly found ourselves gazing down over a vast plain, with the



ROAD AT EL KANTARA

town of Biskra far away to the south, resembling nothing so much as a green ink blot on a big brown blotter. That, at least, was the impression I received on my first sight of this town. Remarkably beautiful and restful it appeared from my point of vantage high up in the hills above it.

Midday found us drawn up in front of our hotel in Biskra, one of a number from which the visitor may take his choice. The Royal is very good, as is also the Oasis; but my, what a bitter disappointment is the town itself upon a closer acquaintance, and how changed from its cool and inviting appearance as seen from a distance! Dirty and dusty to a degree, full of flies, noisy guides who never ceased following us through the streets and pestering us with offers of their unwelcome services, bad boys and beggars, and quite impossible shop keepers, and hordes of Cook's tourists, who floated by in carriages, disregarding the rule of the road and bumping into everyone as if they owned the earth.

Everything objectionable in Arab life and every conceivable kind of fakir in northern Africa, I do believe, must have congregated in this place with, apparently, the sole object of "doing" the unsophisticated tourist. After half an hour's stay

and a little experience of the commercial amenities of Biskra we unanimously decided to leave early the next morning.

The "Garden of Allah," the Casino, and many fake shows are all the sights the town boasts of that are worth seeing. For compensation we enjoyed a gorgeous sunset, which we were fortunate enough to view from the roof of the hotel, and which exceeded in grandeur anything of the like I had ever seen. From the height of the tower in which we were standing we could look for miles over the desert and watch the old caravans slowly approaching the town. The fires from several Bedouin camps two or three miles away enhanced the attractiveness of the picture. This characteristic and beautiful scene of desert life was well worth traveling many hundred miles to see, as indeed, we had done. Our run from El Kantara to Biskra over the excellent roads and through the interesting scenery I have described, a distance of 118 kilometers, took us two hours and fifty minutes to accomplish.

Early next morning (January 13, 1913), after a good breakfast, we gladly shook the dust of Biskra off our feet, and in an hour's time reached the little town of El Kantara. How quiet and peaceful this little, insignificant place now seemed!



GORGE AT EL KANTARA

But even so, it appeared to us much finer than it had the day before, by comparison with the more celebrated but disappointing desert city of Biskra.

Anticipating a long day's run, and not having brought lunch with us from Biskra, we stopped in El Kantara to replenish our basket, and also took the precaution to obtain an extra supply of gasoline, which we carried in cans fastened to the mud guards. After half an hour's stop we were out of El Kantara on the road to MacMahon, the junction where we must turn off to the west. On approaching this town we found we had struck another market day, and a bright and interesting scene of activity it was in which we found ourselves. We halted for a few minutes to enjoy the lively show, and then passed slowly through the crowds of marketers, taking care that the progress of the car should disturb the people as little as possible.

The town of Setif, for which we were heading, is 143 kilometers distant, and our route now lay through the dreariest country it has ever been my bad fortune to traverse. Not a sign of life in any form whatever was to be seen for miles in every direction. Not a house, not a tree, nothing but a little sinuous road, winding along, now over mountains, now over plains, always on and on, its

only redeeming feature being its excellent surface. The complete absence of any signs of human existence caused us to speculate as to what our fate would be should the motor break down, or any accident befall us. Beyond the help of man it would have been impossible for us to reach a haven of refuge.

We passed over the Hodna Mountains and then the Plain of Oulad, in which, to our amazement, we encountered a fair-sized village, known as Ngaous, a remarkably nice little town for such a desolate country.

We drove through Ngaous, however, without stopping, and when within 58 kilometers of Setif, we decided to halt for lunch. Not a tree was in sight, not a vestige of any shelter from which we could obtain protection from the sun. We had little comfort in partaking of our repast, which was rapidly devoured in the blazing sunshine so that we might once more get under way and obtain some relief from the heat in the breeze created by the speeding car.

Eighteen kilometers farther we encountered a very bad surface of road, which continued for about another 20 kilometers. Great care should be taken in driving here, for a broken spring, or any similar accident, would put the car out of



MARKET DAY AT MAC MAHON

business, and as there is no railroad in this section of the country, the predicament of a stranded motor party would be anything but pleasant.

We had been constantly climbing all day long; we started at 300 feet above the sea level at Biskra, reached 1,500 feet at El Kantara, and finally ended at 3,000 feet above sea level at Setif.

This last town was reached at half-past two in the afternoon, and having passed through the old fortified gates, we found ourselves in a fairly clean, typically French village, well laid out, and apparently garrisoned by a large detachment of troops. We investigated the hotel and found it by no means inviting. We decided, therefore, to continue our route to Bougie, 113 kilometers distant, where, we were informed, quite good hotel accommodations could be had.

BOUGIE TO ALGIERS, MARSEILLES, AND PARIS

OUR departure from Setif was enlivened by the sight of a fine military drill, the combined arms of the service — cavalry, infantry, and artillery — making an impressive spectacle.

The country we now approached was very mountainous in character, the hills being the highest and the climbs the steepest we had so far encountered in northern Africa. Nevertheless, we pushed the old car along, up hill and down dale, just as fast as it would go, for we did not relish being overtaken by darkness in these lonely regions.

Eighteen kilometers south of Setif we came to Col de Taniet, at an altitude of 3,000 feet, the highest elevation attained during the day's run. From here we made a rapid descent to the sea level. The country is so grand that I can find no words in which adequately to describe it. The route is dangerous for speed, the curves being many and tortuous to a degree; but the road surface is splendid the entire way. Vast forests sur-



A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT

rounded us on all sides; indeed, the sudden change from the arid landscape of the early morning to this luxuriant foliage was so marked that we could scarcely realize we were in the same country.

When within 50 kilometers of Bougie we entered the Gorge de Chabet-el-Akra, and enjoyed the finest road and most beautiful scenery I have ever seen since I began automobiling. It was through this narrow defile that the French troops marched in 1864. The road was built and completed in 1870, which speaks wonders for the skill of the military engineers of that time. A very narrow, winding road runs along the foot of the gorge; the precipitous walls towered several thousand feet above us, while below rushed the turbulent river. As we passed by, cascades falling from the tops of the cliffs at various points covered us with spray. Though the passage through the mountain at this point is only seven kilometers long, its beautiful scenery and unique formation make it well worth the entire trip from the United States to Africa to see.

The Hotel du Chalet is finely situated at Kerrata, 59 kilometers from Bougie, near the northern entrance of the gorge.

As we emerged from this wonderful gorge, it seemed to us as if we had stepped out of a prison

and had left the stone walls behind. Soon after, we were greeted by a view of the beautiful sunlit Mediterranean which unfolded itself before our eyes.

A pleasing, fertile country was now traversed until the end of the day's run. To the left, Cape Carbon stood out, with Bougie showing dimly in the distance, nestling close to the sea. A magnificent picture was presented, the cape itself somewhat resembling the mighty Rock of Gibraltar. Palm trees, orange groves, vineyards and flowers in profusion surrounded us on every side. Several very fine villas were noted as we passed, and we almost believed ourselves to be on the other side of the Mediterranean, along the Riviera sea-board. A loud report brought us back to a realization of our present position, and we stopped the car to make the necessary repairs to the tire.

As darkness was falling we lit the headlights, and fifteen minutes later we were off again, and in half an hour were entering Bougie.

In this little town, pleasantly situated close to the sea, we found a very good hotel and excellent entertainment. The place is clean and up to date in every respect, and the rooms are as comfortable as one could desire.

The day's run had taken seven hours, during



WATER CARRIERS

which time we had covered 341 kilometers. It was no wonder we were tired, and when the proprietor of the hotel learned that we had come right through from Biskra his surprise knew no bounds. His interest became quite marked when we told him that during our entire journey from Paris to Bougie, we had not only traversed 4,812 kilometers, but had experienced no accidents other than nine punctured tires.

Our day at Bougie was a very pleasant one, and we certainly enjoyed the rest the stay afforded us. The water front is an interesting part of the town and is very picturesque. The drive out to Cape Carbon, from a scenic point of view, is very fine. The streets of the town itself are hilly and narrow, but are kept beautifully clean, and the place is quite European in general appearance. Indeed, of the 10,500 inhabitants, 4,500 are Europeans.

There is a railroad terminus at Bougie, but the town does not export any great quantity of merchandise, nor does it appear to be actively engaged in any other kind of railroad traffic.

Bougie is a town of great antiquity, like all the towns bordering the Mediterranean in this part of the world. Its original name was Saldae, and, with the other neighboring towns, it went through a series of sieges and bombardments, being con-

quered in turn by Romans, Arabs, and Spaniards, and finally surrendered to the French in 1833.

We thoroughly enjoyed our stay in Bougie, but early the next morning, we set off under an overcast sky and with a boisterous wind blowing. Our route lay over the National Highway to Algiers, 245 kilometers distant. For the first twenty odd kilometers we ran along the banks of the River Quedsahel, and then at El Kseur, we began climbing the mountain side. Some of the gradients of this mountain road are pretty stiff, the average being from six to ten per cent. At the Col de Tigdint we reached an altitude of 3,000 feet. We were particularly fortunate to encounter no snow on this run.

A most interesting side journey can be made to the fort at the summit of Col de Tolmetz, where some magnificent views of the country are to be seen. Needless to say we seized the opportunity to view the surrounding country from such a capital point of vantage, and fine indeed was the appearance of the landscape spread out below. It showed very fertile in places, and was dotted with small Bedouin huts, and here and there a picturesque but dilapidated-looking village. It was very cold on the summit, so that we were glad of the protection afforded by the car's glass screen,



TIZI-OUZON

behind which we were less exposed to the biting wind. During the ascent we found the road-bed in good condition most of the way. Some few bad spots were being repaired, and gangs of men are kept constantly at work; it is only a question of time when these imperfect places will get the proper attention.

After passing through several dense forests on the top of the mountain, we reached the other side of the plateau and began our slide down the western side of the range. We passed through the little villages of Yacouran and Azazga in rapid succession, and reached Tamda, where we were once more at an elevation of only some 700 feet above the sea.

For the remainder of our drive to Algiers the road passes through an undulating country with nothing more serious to encounter than one short climb over an elevation of about 700 feet.

After half an hour's stop for lunch, we were off again on our last lap for Algiers, over a muddy, slippery road. We reached Tizi Ouzou, where the railroad we left behind at El Kseur again comes in view, having passed the Djurdjura Mountains over which we had driven. We took a photograph showing some magnificent specimens of the eucalyptus tree which flourishes in this dis-

trict. These trees grow to such heights on each side of the road that their branches meet overhead in a dense arch. The shade is fine and cool, but unfortunately it keeps the roads wet, and for that reason they are in poor condition for about 20 kilometers in both directions from Tizi-Ouzou.

This is also the case with the road approaching Algiers. In both localities large gangs of men were at work on surface repairs. With the help of the steam-roller things will undoubtedly be put into better shape for the tourists who come after us. The latter part of our drive was through a flat but very fertile country. Many fine villas are seen set in the middle of carefully cultivated vineyards, which are typical of this great wine-producing section. We arrived at the city of Algiers at three in the afternoon, after a run of about six hours, on the whole over roads of excellent surface. On those parts of the road, where conditions were not all that could be desired, repairs work was in progress.

The traveler from Bougie to Algiers has the alternative of taking the road by the Col de Tirourda, over an elevation of 5,400 feet. This road is generally in good condition, but this time of the year snow is encountered in quite large quantities. The distance is somewhat longer



MARSEILLES — VIEW OF THE WATER FRONT

than by the other route, and follows the River Quedsahel until about 18 kilometers beyond Tazmalt, at which point, after turning sharply to the right, a steep ascent of the pass is begun, when, after a run of about 100 kilometers, one drops rapidly down into the town of Tizi-Ouzou.

With this day's run our trip through Algeria and Tunisia comes to an end. It was with many feelings of regret that Payne and I abandoned the old car and left it behind to be shipped by sea the next day for France.

We rested for several days at Algiers, taking the opportunity to see all the sights.

On the 19th of January we sailed for Marseilles on board the good ship *Timgad*, which brought us safely to the shores of France. It took us twenty-four hours to cross, a longer time than is usual, but a mistral caught us in the early hours of the morning and tossed us about like a cork in the sea.

After a day's rest at Marseilles we set out for Paris on the last stage of our long trip. This calls for little comment, but a record of our time may be of interest.

We left on the morning of January 21, at 8:45 and arrived at Avignon by way of Aix at 10:23. We punctured a tire at 10:50, but were off again

at 11:23. We stopped for lunch at Montélimar, at 12:20, and were once more under way at 1:40 P.M. Passing through Valence, Tain, and Vienne, we reached Lyons at 4:20, where we put up for the night. Our day's run of 323 kilometers was accomplished in five hours and forty-two minutes.

The next morning, at nine we left Lyons and reached Macon at eleven. On a broken spring we ran into Tournus, half an hour later. Lunch and repairs took up the time until 2:30 P.M., when we were off again, arriving at Avallon at 6 P.M., where we put up for the night. The day's run of 268 kilometers took us six hours.

At eight in the morning of January 23, we left Avallon and, shortly after midday, we were in Paris, having accomplished the last day's run of 229 kilometers in four hours and twenty minutes.

SUMMARY OF TRIP

Number of Days out	Run	Kilometers	Time h.	Time m.	Weather	Remarks
1	PARIS to AUXERRE	168	3	25	Fine	None
2	AUXERRE to LYONS. .	301	5	27	Fine	None
3	LYONS to MARSEILLES	323	5	50	Fine	One puncture
4	MARSEILLES to TOULON.	65	1	30	Fine	None
5	TOULON to BEAULIEU. .	178	4	50	Fine	One puncture
6, 7, 8	Remain at BEAULIEU				Fine	None
9	BEAULIEU to TURIN	211	6	00	Fine	None
10	Remain at TURIN				Fine	None
11	TURIN to MILAN .	142	3	15	Fine	None
12	MILAN to VENICE .	382	8	45	Fog	Two punctures
13, 14	Remain at VENICE				Thick fog	None
15	VENICE to BOLOGNA	160	3	50	Fog and rain	Two punctures
16	Remain at BOLOGNA				Fog	None
17	BOLOGNA to SIENA	175	5	30	Fine	None
18	SIENA to ROME .	219	4	55	Fine	None
19	ROME to NAPLES	238	6	00	Cloudy	None
20, 21, 22	Remain at NAPLES				Rain three days	None
23	NAPLES to CAVA . .	113	6	00	Fine	None
—	CAVA to MESSINA .	about 500	12	00	Fine and rain	By rail
24	Remain at MESSINA . .				Fine and rain	None
25	MESSINA to TAORMINA	59	1	30	Fine	By rail
26	Remain at TAORMINA				Fine	None
27	TAORMINA to MESSINA . .	59	2	45	Fine	None
—	MESSINA to PALERMO. .	250	5	00	Fine	By rail

SUMMARY OF TRIP — *Continued*

28	Remain at PALERMO	. . .			Fine	None
29	PALERMO to TUNIS	about 300	19	00	Fine	By boat
30	Remain at TUNIS				Rain	None
31	TUNIS to SOUSSE	140	2	40	Fine	None
32	SOUSSE to SFAX	296	4	10	Fine	Motored 63 kms. south of Sfax and returned
33	SFAX to SOUSSE	174	3	20	Fine	None
34	SOUSSE to TUNIS	215	4	10	Rain	None
35	Remain at TUNIS				Rain	None
36	TUNIS to TABARCA	200	5	15	Rain	One puncture
37	TABARCA to BONE	140	3	05	Rain	None
38	BONE to CONSTANTINE	201	4	05	Rain	None
39	Remain at CONSTANTINE				Rain half day	None
40	CONSTANTINE to BATNA	194	3	40	Cloudy	None
41	BATNA to BISKRA	118	2	50	Cloudy	One puncture
42	BISKRA to BOUGIE	341	7	00	Cloudy	One puncture
43	Remain at BOUGIE				Cloudy	None
44	BOUGIE to ALGIERS	245	6	10	Cloudy	None
45 to 49	Remain in ALGIERS				Fine	None
50	ALGIERS to MARSEILLES		24	00	Stormy passage	Mistral blowing
51	MARSEILLES to LYONS	323	5	42	Rain half day	None
52	LYONS to AVALLON	268	6	00	Clear	One broken spring
53	AVALLON to PARIS	229	4	20	Clear	None
	Totals	6,927	167	59		9 punctures 1 broken spring